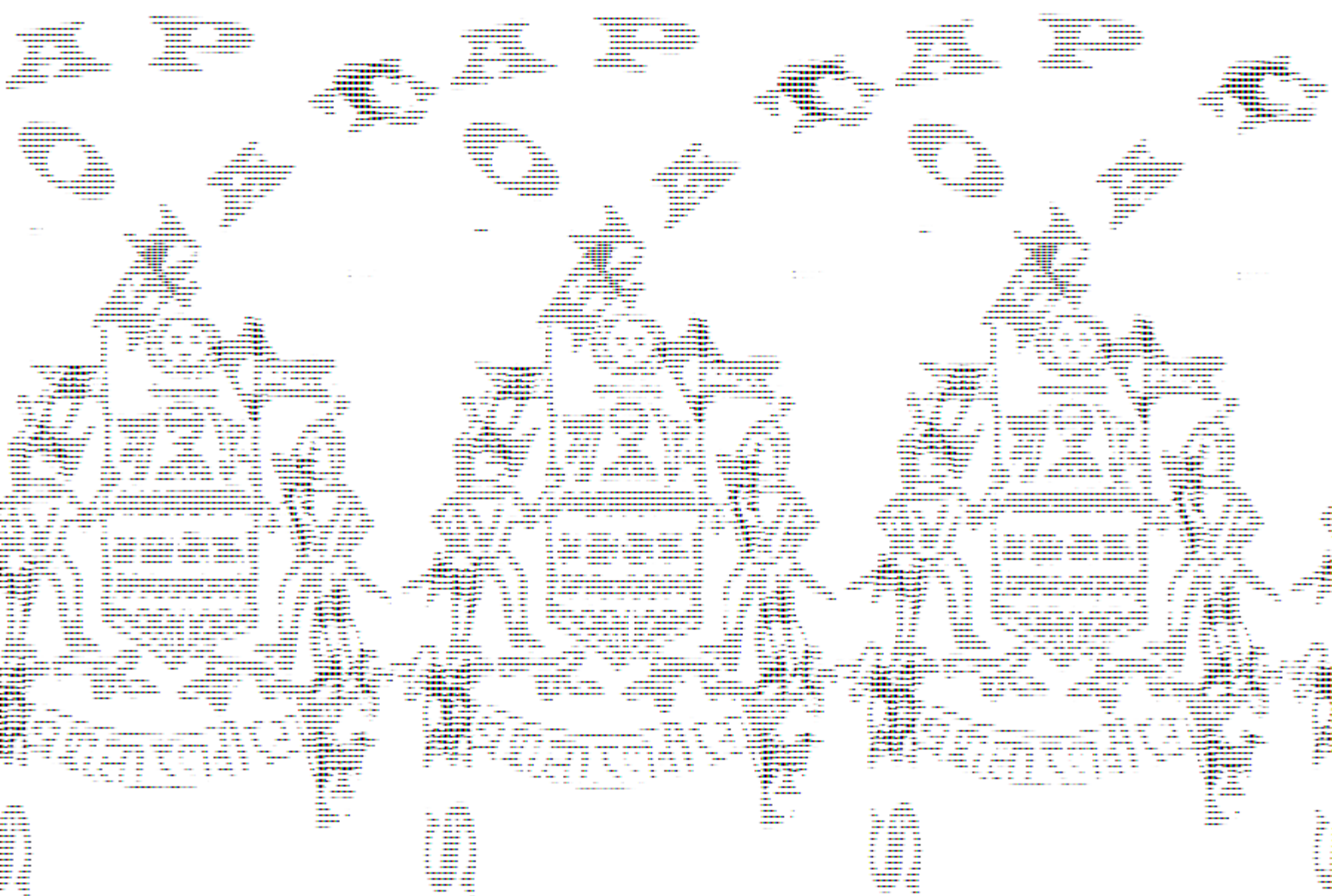


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JIM

A SHORT AND SIMPLE BIOGRAPHY

OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD

President of the U.S.A.

ABRIDGED

WITH INTRODUCTION, ETC.

BY

W. BELL, M.A., C.I.E.,

Formerly Director of Public Instruction, Panjab.

LAHORE

UTTAR CHAND KAPUR & SONS

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INTRODUCTION

It is an accepted principle of education in India that the moral training of the young must not rely on moral text-books, but mainly on the influence of good teachers and on the proper selection of reading-books, such as biographies, which teach by example. In choosing English reading-books for the schools it is largely futile to ask whether they are to serve primarily for moral training or for instruction in the English language. The two purposes are inseparable, or at any rate ought to be so. Even in India, where English is becoming one of the vernaculars, no one can teach English without teaching something else. What that "something else" is to be depends chiefly on the teacher. If the reading-book is of the right kind and the teacher has an adequate conception of his task, the reading lessons cannot fail to help in moulding the character of the pupils; and no books so readily lend themselves to this end as those which tell the life-story of great men and women.

The best books for the young deal with human conduct and with simple human motives, and tell an interesting story. The English Board of Education suggests, among others, such books as "Robinson Crusoe," "David Copperfield," "Treasure Island," and "Westward Ho!"—most of

them tales of romance and adventure. Among stories of school-life "Tom Brown's School Days" is named as supreme. But even in the best of these there is often an element of unreality or "make-believe" that weakens the force of the moral appeal to the young reader. What is given in the present book is the story of an actual human life, a record of hard facts, and nevertheless an intensely moving human document, one likely to appeal to the sympathies and interests of the young and to incite them to worthy endeavour.

The book contains some amount of moralising, but this is always given in immediate relation to the events recorded and thereby adds to the value of the lessons. One hears much mistaken criticism of reading-books that "point a moral;" they are often said to be distasteful and unsuitable to young minds. On the contrary, "the dislike of moralising is," as Mr. G. K. Chesterton rightly says, "entirely a mature or adult dislike." To the young the moral terms mean simply and solely what they say, and they are perfectly true.

The information given in this book is of a kind that should prove of much interest to Indian boys and girls. James A. Garfield's debt to a wise mother, his childhood of hard agricultural and other manual labour, his struggle for education, his methods of study, his industry and independence, his devotion to high ideals, his desire to help his fellow-men, his public work, his well-deserved success, his unfailing trust in God—all

of these things combine to furnish a noble example and an incentive.

The teacher who wisely attaches importance to reading aloud or recitation or dialogue should find this book very helpful. It consists so largely of actual conversations, which can be reproduced dramatically, that it may readily serve as a source-book of exercises in the reading and speaking of English as a living language. The mere reading of books as strings of words leads to artificial and stilted speech, and colloquial English is a corrective of this defect. But much depends upon the teacher. Reading aloud by the teacher should be much more frequent than it is, and in all his reading the teacher should show that it is the phrase and not the single word that is the unit of speech. From the conversations in this book the pupils will realise that in actual speech there are many permissible ellipses and contractions that do not occur in formal composition. The ability to use these marks a speaker's command of a spoken language; it is conversation, not translation, that is the surest test of proficiency in oral English. By careful study of the colloquial matter in this book the pupils will profit more quickly and surely than they will do by a course of purely grammatical teaching.

In this abridgment of "From Log-Cabin to White House," a very careful endeavour has been made to retain the essential matter, to simplify the language, and to bring the vocabulary and idiom

into line with current English.

The appended Exercises are in no sense exhaustive; they are intended merely to suggest various types of useful questions. The Notes deal mainly with matters of fact, and to some extent with the meaning and usage of words; they will not enable the young reader to dispense with the help of his teacher or his dictionary.

W. B.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Publishers are highly indebted to Mr. R. G. Wright, B.A., I.E.S., Vice-Principal, Aitchison College, Lahore, for revising this book.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LOG-CABIN

This is the story of Jim, a simple boy of humble birth. Jim, through his great industry and strength of character became the President of the United States of America. In this extraordinary career he was helped by a widowed mother who possessed deep and abiding faith in God, who believed in the natural gifts of her son, and who contrived means to develop them.

Jim, who came to be known in history as James A. Garfield, was born on the 19th November 1831. His father Abram Garfield was descended from a stock of sturdy emigrants to America—one of those families that have made the United States what she is to-day. Abram Garfield had a family of four children—two sons and two daughters. Jim was the youngest, the cleverest, and the most independent of a family of capable, God-fearing men and women.

Anxious to make his fortune, Abram Garfield left his native country for Ohio which was then being "pioneered." In January, 1830, he removed to his new home in the wilderness. His cabin was larger and more substantial than the one he left. It was twenty by thirty feet, made of unhewn logs, notched and laid one upon another, in what boys

call the "cob-house" style, to the height of twelve feet or more in front, and eight feet or more at the back. The spaces between the logs were filled with clay or mud, making a warm abode for winter, and a cool one for summer.

The chimney was constructed of wood and mud, rising from the roof like a pyramid, smallest at the top. The roof was covered with slabs, held in place by long weight-poles. The floor was made of logs, each split into two parts and laid the flat side up, hewn smooth with an axe. There was a loft above, to which the family ascended by a sort of permanent ladder in one corner of the cabin. The children slept upon the floor of the loft, on straw beds. The only door of the dwelling was planks; and three small windows furnished all the light possible, though not so much as was needed. This, briefly, was the pioneer home in which James A. Garfield was born.

Abram Garfield was a tall, heavy, handsome man, capable of great endurance; just the man to plunge into a wilderness to make a home and to clear land for a farm. He possessed the strength, will, and wisdom for such an enterprise. His brain was in fair proportion to his body, large and active, making him a strong-minded man; and, under other and more favourable circumstances, he might have made a broad and deep mark on his day and generation. But he thought of little except his family in that day of hardship

and want, and so he chose a home and occupation where honour and fame were out of the question. But, with all his physical strength, the loving husband and father was not exempt from the attacks of disease. One day, in the midst of his hard toil, he heard the alarm of "Fire in the forest." Forest fires were common in summer time, and often large tracts of the forests were burned up; and sometimes pioneer cabins were destroyed, and the crops on little farms in the forest were injured.

"It is coming this way certainly," said Mr. Garfield, with some anxiety, after satisfying himself as to the danger. "I'm afraid it will make trouble for us. Mehetabel, run to the house with my axe, and bring me the shovel."

The girl was assisting her father. Within five minutes Mr. Garfield had the shovel, and Mrs. Garfield, and all the children, except the baby, were out to watch the fire.

"We must fight it," said Mr. Garfield, "or only ashes will be left of our home at sundown."

"I fear as much," replied Mrs. Garfield "These forest fires are terrible."

"Mehetabel, you and Thomas follow me;" and he ran across the garden to the edge of the woods to prevent the fire from attacking his habitation.

Thomas and his sister followed. The fire reached the spot almost as soon as they did, and the battle with it began. It was a long and hard

fight. Mr. Garfield met the enemy with all the vigour of a father fighting for his children. He fully realized what their situation would be if the sun should go down upon the ruins of their home, and the thought impelled him to superhuman efforts. For nearly two hours, in the burning sun of a hot July day, he fought the fire with his strong arm. Sometimes the battle seemed to turn in favour of the fiery element, and again the resolute pioneer appeared to have the advantage over it. At last, however, the fire was conquered, or rather, was prevented from devouring the little cabin and desolating the crops, though it swept on beyond the farm, whither the wind drove it.

Thoroughly heated and exhausted, Mr. Garfield sat down upon a stump to rest, and enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze that sprang up from the West. He did not dream that he was risking his life by sitting, covered with perspiration, in that cool wind. But that night he was seized violently by congestion of the throat; his strong body was convulsed with pain, and it seemed as if death was near. As early in the morning as possible, Mehetabel was posted away to one neighbour, and Thomas to a second neighbour in another direction, for their assistance. There was no physician within many miles; but one of the neighbours who had been summoned claimed to possess some medical knowledge, and on his arrival the patient was passed over into his hands. He applied

a blister, thereby making the sickman worse, and hurrying him to his grave. Mrs. Garfield did all that true love and remarkable efficiency could do to save her husband, but her tender and faithful nursing was fruitless; he sank rapidly, and at last died without a struggle. His last words, as he looked upon his children, and then addressed his wife were:

“I have planted four saplings in these woods; I must now leave them to your care.”

Little James was but eighteen months old when his father died—too young to understand the irreparable loss, or feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. It was well that his baby-spirit could not take in the sorrow of that hour; there was anguish enough in that stricken home without adding his touching wail to it. /

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HARDSHIPS AND SCHOOLING

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Garfield was left without any means of livelihood except the land that her husband had enclosed as a farm. Her eldest son Thomas was but a boy; she had no money to hire a labourer to cultivate her land.

In this difficult situation, she sought the advice of a neighbour Mr. Boynton, whose real kindness had been a solace to her heart. He said:

“No woman with four children can carry on a farm like this alone, and support her family. I see no possible way out of your trouble except to sell your place and return to your friends.”

“And leave my husband in the wheat-field?” replied Mrs. Garfield. “Never; I can’t do that.”

“But what else can you do?” continued the neighbour.

Looking at the circumstances boldly, with her accustomed good sense and courageous spirit, she answered: “When I have sold the farm, and paid the debts and the expense of removal to my friends, I shall have little or nothing left; and that, too, without a rod of land on which to raise corn to make a loaf.”

“Your friends can help you,” suggested the neighbour.

"I can never throw myself upon the charity of friends," Mrs. Garfield replied, with an emphasis that showed she meant what she said. "So long as I have my health, I believe that my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands so as to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me like a holy trust, which I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave."

The heroism that came out through these words was worthy of a revolutionary matron; and the woman's fortitude drew tears from the eyes of the neighbour.

"Then you would not be willing to sell the farm?" added the neighbour, inquiringly.

"Not all of it," she replied. "Part of it might go; enough to pay the debt."

"I never thought of that," answered the neighbour. "Perhaps that is the way out of your trouble. Think that over, and I will do the same. I'll look about, too, and see what can be done by way of selling a part of it."

Calling Thomas, who was not quite eleven years old, but now the only male helper on the farm, she laid the case before him as if he had been a man of thirty years, and the resolute and trusty boy replied: "I can plough and sow, mother. I can also sow the wheat, cut the wood, milk the cows, and do heaps of things for you."

"You are a small boy to do so much," replied

his mother; "but with my help perhaps it can be done. God has promised to be with the widow and fatherless. I don't feel that I can move away from this place."

"We needn't," Thomas said, quickly. "I want to live here, and I will work very hard."

"Not too hard, my son, lest there be two graves instead of one in the corner of the wheat-field," answered Mrs. Garfield, with much emotion. "We must finish the fence around the wheat, and that will be very hard work; but I think that I can split the rails, and together we can make the fence."

"And I can finish the barn, I know," added Thomas. His father had partially fenced the wheat-field, and had been putting up a small barn, which was nearly completed.

And so the whole subject was discussed, and plans laid, in the full expectation of remaining on the pioneer farm. Nor did the widow have to wait long to sell a portion of her land. Settlers were coming into that part of Ohio occasionally, and one of them heard, through the neighbour spoken of, that Mrs. Garfield would dispose of part of her land. He lost no time in finding her humble abode, and at once bargained with her for twenty acres, paying cash for the same. With this money she paid all her debts, although it took the last of her money to remove this encumbrance.

The next year or two were passed in extreme poverty. All the efforts of the widow and her

two eldest children could raise crops barely sufficient to give them their daily food. The family were content to go about clothed in worn-out clothes, some of them even without shoes, or hats. But the first care of the widow was not to provide good clothes or luxuries for her children: her first care was to give them education. When a school was opened in the neighbourhood she sent her daughters and Jim to it at once, shouldering alone with Thomas all the burden of running a house and a farm. James was not yet five when he learned to read; he surprised his teacher by the extraordinary questions he asked, and the intelligent curiosity he showed in every matter his keen young eyes observed. When the school closed for the winter vacation Jim continued his education at home. He had made decided progress in spelling and reading before the next summer came with its hot days and growing crops. It was after the winter was over and gone, and the warm sunlight was bathing the forests and gladdening the earth, that James somehow came into possession of a child's volume, from it he derived much real pleasure. Either it was a present or was borrowed from a neighbour. One day he spelled out and read aloud the following line: "The rain came pattering on the roof."

"Why, mother!" he shouted, under visible excitement, "I've heard the rain do that myself."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have," he continued, as if a new

revelation were made to him. And then he read the line over again, with more emphasis and louder than before: "The rain came pattering on the roof."

"Yes, mother, I've heard it exactly!" and the little fellow appeared to be struggling with a thought larger than any that had ever tasked his mind before. It was the first time, probably, that he had learned the actual use of words to represent things, to describe objects and events—the outside world on paper.

From that time James was introduced into a new world—a world of thought. Words expressed thoughts to him, and books contained words; and so he applied himself to books with all his mind, and might, and strength. There was nothing about the cabin equal to a book. He preferred the "English Reader" to anything that could be produced on the little farm. He revelled in books—such books as he could find at that time, when there was a scarcity of books. Day after day the "English Reader" was his companion. He would lie flat upon the cabin floor by the hour, or spread himself out under a tree, on a warm summer day, with the "English Reader" in his hand, exploring its mines of thought, mastering its wonderful knowledge, and making himself familiar with its inspiring contents. Such was his childish devotion to books that his mother could scarcely refrain from prophesying, even then, an intellectual career for him. She knew not how it could be done—

all the surroundings of the family were unfriendly to such an ambition—but somehow she was made to feel that there was a wider, grander field of action for that active, precocious mind.

Mrs. Garfield perceived her son's extraordinary talents. She saw the difficulties in the way of his education in the absence of a school nearer home. She offered, therefore, a piece of her own land if the neighbouring families would put up a school-house there. Neighbours welcomed the project, especially because it would be an advantage to Widow Garfield, whom they very much respected, and to whom their warmest sympathies had always been given in her affliction.

"Now you can go to school on your own legs," said Thomas to Jimmy, one day after the school-house was finished. "You won't have to make a beast of burden of your sister any longer. You will like that, won't you?"

James assented; then his mother added: "Your master is coming from New Hampshire, where I was born. You will like him; and he is to board here to begin with."

Mrs. Garfield had four children, and Mr. Boynton six, to go to school—ten in all from two families.

It was through Mrs. Garfield's influence that the school-house was built; and it was also through her influence that a schoolmaster was imported from New Hampshire. The school-house was twenty feet square, with puncheon floor, slab

roof, and log benches without backs; it was large enough to accommodate twenty-five scholars. Teachers always lived and fed for a time with different families dividing the time equally among the families; and it was considered quite an advantage to a family of children to have the "master" with them.

By hard labour, assisted by his mother and sisters, Thomas harvested the crops in the autumn, cut and hauled wood, and did other necessary work, so that he could attend the winter term of school with his sisters and James. He had everything about the farm in good order when December and the schoolmaster, whose name was Foster, arrived. They came together, and one was about as rough as the other. The "master" was a young man of twenty years, rugged in his appearance, large and unwieldy, but a sensible sort of a Yankee, who had picked up considerable knowledge without going to school or reading much. On the whole, he was quite as much of a man as pioneers could expect for the small wages they were able to pay. He was kind-hearted, of good character, and was really influenced by a strong desire to benefit his pupils.

At the beginning of school he took up his abode with Mrs. Garfield, and slept in the loft with Thomas and James. At once his attention was drawn to James as a very precocious child. They were soon on good terms; and when they started off together for the school-house, on the

first day of school, the teacher said to him, putting his hand kindly on his head: "If you learn well, my boy, you may grow up to be a General one day."

James did not know exactly what a General was, but he concluded that a General must be something great, or a schoolmaster would not speak so favourably of him. The remark fastened upon the lad's mind; somehow he felt, all through the day, that he was beginning just then to make a General, whatever that might be. It was not out of his mind for a minute; and he pondered over the point, (how long a time it would take to make him into a General.) However, he knew that there was one being who stood between him and all learning and all the future: that being was his mother. What he did not know, she would know. As soon as he reached home, after school, he inquired: "Ma, what's a gen'ral?"

"What's what?" his mother answered, not comprehending his question.

"What's a gen'ral?" James repeated, somewhat more distinctly.

"Oh, I see now—a General!" she answered; "that is what you want to know."

"Yes; the master said I might make a gen'ral if I learn."

"That is what put it into your head, then," continued his mother, laughing. "You don't know whether you would like to be one or not, I suppose: is that it?"

"I want to know what it is," James replied.

“ Well, I will tell you, my son, for your great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War under a General.”

James listened to her recital with wonder. He scarcely knew before, that he was connected with the world outside of the Ohio wilderness. Now he clearly understood that his relations had acted a conspicuous part in colonising this country, and were people of much consequence. It was a new and inspiring thought to him. His cabin home was invested with new interest and more importance. How far his life was influenced by this account of the past of his ancestors, we cannot say, but there is no doubt that his active brain was stirred to nobler thought, and his young heart deeply impressed.

James believed in his teacher, and his teacher believed in him. There was mutual attraction from the outset. The teacher saw that the backwoods boy was a great man in the making. He was glad to have such a scholar under his tuition. He was somewhat taken aback, however, by subsequent occurrences. On the second day of school he laid down the following rule: “ Scholars cannot study their lessons and look about the school-room: therefore gazing about is strictly forbidden.”

It was a novel rule to the pupils. It savoured of more strictness than they had been accustomed to. It was a very difficult rule for James to observe. He acquired much information by his close observation. His two eyes and two ears were

more than books to him. Besides, he had never undertaken to perform the feat of sitting bolt upright upon a log bench without a back, and looking down upon his book with steady gaze. It was a severe ordeal for a boy who never sat still in his life, and who evidently was not constructed ^{for} for sitting still. However, his heart accepted the rule, and he meant to do the best that he could with it. If he were to make a General, or something else as good, he must do as the "master" told him to do. So much was clear to him. But the first thing he knew his eyes were ^{off} off his book, and ^{on} on the class reciting.

"James!" said the teacher pleasantly, "have you forgotten the rule so quickly?"

"I forgot," was James's laconic reply; and down dashed his eyes upon his book. Not long, however. An interesting answer to a question in the class on the floor brought up his eyes again, as if by magic.

"What! so soon forgetting the rule again, James?" exclaimed the teacher. "You have a very short memory."

James looked down upon his book abashed, but he made no reply. The fact was that he meant to mind the rule, and do his best to please his teacher. But it was never intended that two such eyes and two such ears as James possessed should come under a rule like that. The teacher was unknowingly at fault here. He did not quite understand his pupil; and so he insisted upon the

observance of the rule, and for two weeks continued to correct James, hoping that he would finally bring his eyes and ears into complete subjection. But his effort was fruitless. James was incorrigible, when he meant to be obedient, and he grew nervous under the discipline. He thought so much about keeping his eyes in the prescribed place that he became comparatively dull and defective in his recitations.

At length, just before the teacher left Mrs. Garfield's for another boarding-place, he said to her in James's presence: "I do not want to wound your feelings; James is such a noble boy; but then I want to tell you——"

"Say on," replied Mrs. Garfield, quite startled by the solemn tone of the "master."

"James is not quite the boy in school that I expected."

"How so?" interrupted Mrs. Garfield, completely taken by surprise. "You astonish me."

"I know that you will be grieved; but I think it is my duty to tell you." And Mrs. Garfield could see that he shrunk from telling her, and she began to think that something terrible had happened; still she repeated:

"Say on."

"Well, it is only this: James doesn't sit still, and he doesn't learn his lessons. I fear that I shall not be able to make a scholar of him."

"Oh, James!" his mother exclaimed, as if the teacher had put a shot through her body.

That was all she said; and it was uttered in a tone of agony that went straight to the little fellow's heart, as he stood looking and listening. She sent him to school that he might make a scholar, and now her hopes were dashed in a moment. No wonder that her response was an exclamation of disappointment and grief!

"I *will* be a good boy!" ejaculated James, bursting into tears, and burying his face in his mother's lap. "I *mean* to be a good boy." And he never told more truth in a single sentence than he did in the last one.

"Perhaps he can't sit still," at length Mrs. Garfield suggested; "he never was still in his life."

"I *will* sit still!" was the boy's reply, still sobbing as if his heart would burst, yet speaking before the teacher had time to reply.

"Perhaps so," answered the teacher thoughtfully, as if the grieved mother had awakened a new idea in him.

"I never knew him to fail of learning before," Mrs. Garfield continued: "never."

"I *will* learn, mother!" the boy shouted between his sobs.

"You mean to learn, I have no doubt," answered his mother. "Some boys do worse than they intend; perhaps that is the trouble with you."

"You dear child," said the teacher, putting his hand upon his head, touched by the lad's piteous appeals; "you and I are good friends, and I

think we shall have no more trouble. I will try you again. So wipe your eyes, and let us laugh and not cry."

The teacher saw his mistake. The child's mother had opened his eyes by her wise suggestion. In his mind he resolved to let his rule alone, and adopt another policy. So the subject was dropped, and James went to school on the following day, to sit still or not, as he pleased. The teacher resolved to leave him to himself, and see what the effect would be. The result was excellent. The boy did not sit still, of course he did not; but he was natural and happy, and his eyes fulfilled their function in roaming about more or less, and his ears heard what was going on in the school-house. The teacher could not make a blind and deaf boy of him, and so he ceased to try. He allowed him to see and hear for himself; and this filled the lad with happiness. It fired his ambition, and brought out his brilliant parts, so that he became the star of the school.

The restless nature of James was frequently a theme of remark. Thomas sometimes complained of it. He slept with James, and the latter would toss and tumble about, often awaking Thomas by his movements, kicking off the clothes, and thereby putting himself and his brother to considerable inconvenience. Often he would turn over, and feeling cold after having kicked off the bed-clothes, he would say in his sleep: "Tom, cover me up."

Thomas would pull the clothing over him, and lie down to his dreams, but only to repeat the operation again and again. It was said of James, twenty-five years after that time, when he had become a General, that, one night, after a terrible battle, he lay down with other officers to sleep, and in his restlessness he kicked off his covering; then, turning partly over, he said: "Tom, cover me up."

An officer pulled the blanket over him, and awoke him by the act. On being told of his request in his sleep, James thought of his good brother Thomas and of the little log-house in the woods of Ohio; and he turned over and wept, as he had done in childhood when the teacher declared that he could not make a General of him.

CHAPTER III.

FROM EIGHT TO ELEVEN

At eight years of age, James had his daily labour to perform as steadily as Thomas. The latter went out to work among the neighbours, often imposing thereby a heavy responsibility upon James, who looked after the stock and farm at home. He could chop wood, milk cows, shell corn, cultivate vegetables, and do many other things that farmers must do.

It was of very great assistance to the family when Thomas could earn a little money by his labour. That money procured some indispensable articles, the absence of which was a real privation both to mother and children. They now needed more money than ever, because all must have shoes, and all must have books; and there were the teachers to pay, and occasional meetings at the school-house caused extra expense. So that the earnings of Thomas just met a demand of the time, in which every member of the household shared.

“You are eight years old, my son, and Thomas is seventeen,” said Mrs. Garfield to James. “Thomas was not eleven years old when your father died, and he had to take your father’s place on the farm. You must be getting ready to take

Thomas's place, for he will soon be of age, and then he will have to go out into the world to seek his fortune, and you will have to take care of the farm."

"I can do that," James answered.

"Not without learning how to do it," said his mother. "'Practice makes perfect,' is an old and true proverb."

"I know that I can take care of the farm if Tom could," interrupted James, with some assurance.

"Yes, when you are as old as he," suggested his mother.

"That is what I mean—when I get to be as old as he was."

"I hope that some day you will do something better than farming," continued Mrs. Garfield.

"What is there better than farming?" James asked.

"It is better for some men to teach and preach. Wouldn't you like to teach in a school?"

"When I am old enough, I should."

"Well, it won't be long before you are old enough. If you are qualified, you can teach school when you are as old as Thomas is now."

"When I am seventeen?" James responded with some surprise. (All of his teachers had been older than that, and he could scarcely see how he could do the same at seventeen.)

"Yes, at seventeen or eighteen. Many young men teach at a school as early as that. But

farming comes first in order, as we are situated."

"And it is time to bring in the cows now," remarked James, hurrying off for them, and terminating the conversation.

James was a self-reliant boy, just the one to take hold of farm work with tact and vigour. He scarcely knew what "*I can't*" meant. It was an expression that he never used. The phrase that he had just employed in reply to his mother, "*I can do that*," was a common one with him. Once it put him into a laughable position. He was after hens' eggs in the barn, with his playmate Edwin Mapes. It was just about the time he was eight years old, perhaps a little older. Edwin found a pullet's egg, rather smaller than they usually discovered.

"Isn't that pretty?" said Edwin, holding up the egg.

"I can swallow that," was James's prompt answer.

"Whole?"

"Yes, whole."

"You can't do it."

"*I can* do it."

"I bet you can't swallow it," continued Edwin, eager to see the experiment tried.

"Not much of a bet," responded James. "Here it goes;" and into his mouth the egg went; it proved larger than he anticipated, or else his throat was smaller, for it would not go down at his bidding.

“No use, Jim,” exclaimed Edwin, laughing outright over his failure. “The egg is small, but it won’t fit your throat.”

“It’s going down yet,” said James resolutely, and the second time the egg was thrust into his mouth.

“Shell and all, I s’pose,” remarked Edwin. “S’pose it should stick in your throat, you’d be in a pretty fix.”

“But it won’t stick in my throat,” replied James; “it’s going down. I undertook to swallow it and I’m going to.”

The egg broke in his mouth when he almost unconsciously brought his teeth together, making a very disagreeable mixture of shell and egg. It was altogether too much of a good thing, and proved rather a nauseating dose. His stomach heaved, his face scowled, and Edwin roared. Still James held to the egg, and made for the house as fast as his nimble limbs could take him, Edwin following after, to learn what followed next. Rushing into the house, James seized a piece of bread, thrust it into his mouth, chewed it up with the broken egg, and swallowed the whole together.

“There!” he exclaimed: “it’s done.”

He did what he said he would, excepting only that the egg did not find its way down the throat whole; and he felt like a conqueror. Edwin swayed to and fro with laughter; and even forty years afterwards it was not impossible for him to laugh heartily over the incident. Mrs. Garfield

looked on with curious interest, not comprehending the meaning of the affair until an explanation followed. Then she only smiled, and said, "Foolish boy!"

It was true what she said. He was a "foolish boy" to undertake such a feat; "foolish," just as many promising boys are "foolish" at times. But the spirit of the lad appeared through the "foolish" act. Nevertheless, the "*I can*" element of his character rather dignified the performance.

James was not egotistical or self-important; these qualities are no part of self-reliance. Nor was he proud; pride is no part of self-reliance. No boy was ever more simple-hearted or more confiding in others than he was. This was one thing that encouraged his mother to expect so much of him when he should become a man. On one occasion, after he began to labour on the farm, and a heavy task was before him, she said to him:

"James, half the battle is in thinking you can do a thing. My father used to say, 'Where there's a will, there's a way;'" repeating a proverb that is as old as the hills.

"What does that mean?" interrupted James, referring to the proverb.

"It means, that he who *wills* to do anything *will* do it. That is, the boy who relies upon himself, and determines to perform a task in spite of difficulties, will accomplish his purpose. Can you do that?" And his mother waited for a reply.

"I can," James answered, with emphasis.

“Depend upon yourself. Feel that you are equal to the work in hand, and it will be easily done. ‘God helps those who help themselves,’ it is said, and I believe it. He has helped me wonderfully since your father died. God will bless all our efforts to do the best we can.”

Such was the instruction that James received from the wisest of mothers, just when such lessons respecting self-reliance would do him the most good. It was on this line that he was started off in his boyhood, and he followed that line thereafter. He had no one to help him on, and he had no desire to have anybody help him. Unlike boys who depend upon some rich father or uncle to give them “a good start,” or upon superior advantages, he settled down upon the stubborn fact, that if anything was ever to be made out of him he must do it himself. Hard work was before him, and hard fare, and he expected nothing less. That the seed of such an impulse must have taken early root in James’s heart is quite evident from some remarks of his to young men after he was forty years old.

“Occasion cannot make spurs, young men. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself. . . . Let not

poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving. . . . To a young man who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be a commander. You must not continue to be *employed*; you must be an *employer*. You must be promoted from the ranks to a command. There is something, young man, that you can command; go and find it, and command it. You can at least command a horse and dray, can be generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them."

Another incident of James's early life illustrates this phase of his character, and, at the same time, shows his aptitude in unexpected emergencies. He was eight or ten years of age when it occurred. He was a pupil in school with his cousin, Henry Boynton. Sitting side by side, one day they became more roguish than usual, without intending to violate the rules of school. Sly looks and an occasional laugh satisfied the teacher, who was a sharp disciplinarian, that something unusual was going on, and he concluded that the wisest treatment would be to stop it at once.

"James and Henry!" he called out, loudly, "lay aside your books and go home, both of you."

A clap of thunder would not have startled them more. They looked at each other seriously, as if the result was entirely unexpected, and delayed for a moment.

"Don't dilly-dally," exclaimed the teacher; "both of you go home immediately."

"I will go," answered James. Henry said nothing; and both passed out. James made an express of his active legs, covering the distance from the school-house to his home in about three or four minutes, with an equal time to return. On reaching the school, he entered the room, puffing like an engine, and resumed his seat.

"James! did I not tell you to go home?" shouted the teacher, never dreaming that the boy had had time to obey the order.

"I have been home," answered James, not in the least disconcerted. He had obeyed his teacher promptly, though he took very good care that his mother did not see him when he reached the cabin.

"Been home?" responded the teacher, inquiringly, surprised that the boy had been home in so short a time.

"Yes, sir, I have been home," replied James; "you didn't tell me to *stay*."

"Well, you can *stay* here, now," answered the teacher, with a smile, thinking that was the best way to dispose of so good a joke. James remained, and was very careful not to be sent home again, lest the affair might not terminate so

pleasantly. Henry sulked about the school-house for a while, and then went home and stayed there for the remainder of the day. That was the difference between the two boys.

James was now eleven years old, and Thomas was twenty. The district decided to erect a frame school-house, and sold the old one to Thomas for a trifle. Thomas and James, assisted by their cousins, the Boynton boys, took it down, and put it up again behind their mother's cabin, thus providing her with an additional room, which was a great convenience. Thomas did it in anticipation of leaving home when he should attain his majority.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOY FARMER

"Hullo, Jim! now you'll have to be a farmer in earnest, for I am going to Michigan," said Thomas, as he returned from Cleveland. "I have got a job."

"Where?" inquired James, not understanding where it was that his brother was going.

"In Michigan," repeated Thomas. "It is more of a wilderness than Orange is."

"I know that," answered James. "What are you going to do out there?"

"Clearing timber," replied Thomas; "with twelve dollars a month as pay."

"You don't get so much as that, do you?" said James, to whom that amount of monthly wages seemed enormous.

"Yes, twelve dollars a month. It's hard work, early and late. Mother can have a properly made house now."

"Good!" was James's answer of evident satisfaction.

At this time James was twelve years old and Thomas was twenty-one—a period that had been much discussed in the family, in anticipation of its arrival. There was a definite understanding between Thomas and his mother that he should

leave home at twenty-one and James should run the farm. It was important that Thomas should be earning something abroad now that he had attained his majority, and James was old enough to attend to affairs at home. Thomas went to Cleveland for the purpose of obtaining work, without any definite idea of what that work would be. The first opportunity that opened to Thomas he accepted without hesitation, and it was, as already announced, the work of clearing land for a farmer in Michigan, at twelve dollars a month.

Thomas passed into the house with James, to make known the result of his errand to Cleveland.

“I hope it will prove all for the best,” remarked Mrs. Garfield, after hearing the report. “It’s farther away than I expected.”

“Yes, it is some distance; but that is of little consequence, after all. It’s good pay.”

“How far is it?” asked James, who was intensely interested in the contemplated change.

“I don’t know exactly,” answered his mother; “it’s farther than I wish it was.”

“Will you live in a log-house, Tom?” James continued.

“Yes; a cabin not half so large and good as this.”

“How long will you be gone?”

“Six months; perhaps longer.”

“And you will have to take Tom’s place on the farm,” said Mrs. Garfield, addressing James.

“That will be taking a step higher.”

"I can do it," responded James, "though I am sorry Tom is going."

"We shall miss him sadly," remarked Mrs. Garfield. "It will be more lonely than ever when he is gone; but we must make the best of it."

"It will be best all round," said Thomas, "if it is the way for you to have a proper house, mother, I wish you to have one."

"That will be nice, won't it, mother?" exclaimed James, who was thoroughly prepared to appreciate a real house, after twelve years' occupancy of a cabin.

"Yes, it will be nice indeed; almost too nice to prove a reality," replied his mother.

"It will prove a reality," remarked Thomas, with decision.

Thomas was busy in preparing to leave, and James was equally busy in attending to lessons that Thomas gave him about the work to be done on the farm. The ground was to be ploughed, the wheat sowed, the corn and potatoes planted, with all the etceteras usually belonging to the season's labour. Thomas had his directions to give concerning all these things, that his little brother might the more successfully perform the farm-work. However, his time at home was limited, as his engagement required him to be in Michigan at an early date; and soon he was gone.

We shall leave Thomas felling trees and clearing land for the Michigan farmer, while we look

after James at home.

"Well, your farmer-boy is doing very well," remarked a neighbour, who called upon Mrs. Garfield. "He is as handy as any one of us with his tools."

"And works as hard, I am sure," responded Mrs. Garfield.

"Yes indeed; though all of us work hard," rejoined the neighbour.

"Pioneer life is beset with hardships," continued Mrs. Garfield; "though its poverty is not so hard to be borne as poverty in a large town or city."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, don't you see that there are no rich around us to be compared with? We are not continually being reminded of our extreme poverty by the presence of those who can have all that money can buy."

"You think there is some satisfaction in all being poor together?" interrupted the neighbour humourously.

"Yes; that is it. 'Misery loves company,' and I suppose that is true of poverty."

"Well, we are all poor enough, if that is all," continued the neighbour; "and on your theory we ought to be tolerably happy."

"We are, I think, as happy as the human race averages, and perhaps a little more than that."

God averages human experience well, inspite of our fault-finding.”

“There must be some satisfaction in thinking so; but I can’t quite accept that view. Pioneers have more than their full share of hardships and trials, in my opinion,” replied the neighbour, just as James came in from the cornfield. Turning to him, by way of cordial salutation, he added: “What do you think about it, James?”

“Think about what?”

“Whether pioneers have more hardships than other people?”

“I don’t know much about it,” answered James. “If I knew what hardships other people have, I could tell something about it; but I don’t.”

James was a happy boy. He had his home, though it was a cabin. He had his mother and brother and sisters, and they were just as dear to him as home and brothers and sisters are to those who dwell in palaces. Perhaps they were more so; we incline to the belief that they were. He did not call hard work hardship; he never thought of such a thing. He was never happier than he was during that season of severe toil after his brother left home. He had great responsibility, but responsibility is not hardship. He felt more manly and competent; and he was both, now that the care of the farm and of his mother rested on his shoulders. A close observer could see the honest pride of a noble heart showing out through his manly bearing. Was it a hardship to run the farm?

He never dreamed of it; it was his delight.

We cannot dwell upon the labours of that eventful season, except to add that the farm did for James what a teacher did for some other boys. The celebrated engineer, and inventor of the locomotive engine, George Stephenson, said that he studied mechanics with his engine instead of a professor. Indeed, the engine was his professor, and taught him daily the most important lessons. He was eighteen years of age, and was running the engine in a colliery. On Saturday afternoons, when the workmen were released from labour, and were spending their time in rum-shops, or attending dog-fights, George took his engine to pieces, and cleaned and studied it. He could neither read nor write, but he could understand and appropriate the silent lessons of his engine; and these made him the renowned inventor of the locomotive. Well might he call the engine his teacher.

James might have called the farm his teacher. It taught him many excellent lessons. He extracted the most valuable knowledge from its soil. He evoked inspiring thoughts from its labour. His manhood developed under its rigid discipline. His intelligence increased. The season spent in the log school-house could not have advanced him more than did his experience on the farm. It was positive proof that work is discipline as much as study is, and that it does for boys often more than study can do to qualify them for the stern duties

of life. James was more of a man at the close of that season than he was at the beginning of it.

He had little time to read during those months; and yet he never valued reading more. He was never more hungry for knowledge than he was during that period of constant labour. He thought much of going to school; and often the thought would force itself upon his mind, how can I get an education? Not that he formed any definite plan concerning it, or even considered that such a thing was possible; but the vague thought would sometimes arise. And then his mother frequently dropped remarks which showed the strong desire of her heart, that James might, at some future time, she knew not how or when, become a scholar. That such a boy should spend his life in tilling the earth appeared to her like wasting pearls.

"James, I hope that you will not always have to work on a farm." How often she remarked thus!

"What would you do if I did not?" was James's thoughtful reply.

"I hardly know. 'It is not in man's power to direct his own steps,' and I am glad of it. There is my hope that some day you can get an education."

"I should like to, if it is best."

"I know it will be best, if you can do it. You can never know too much."

"I think that is so," replied James to his hu-

morously. "I could never know too much to work on a farm. There is more to learn about it than I could learn in many years."

"That is true, no doubt; but I have a strong desire that you should become a scholar; and sometimes the desire is so strong that I feel as if I could not be denied."

"I don't feel so."

"Wouldn't you like to study, and become a scholar?"

"Why, yes, I should like nothing better; but how can I do it?"

"I don't know, and that is what troubles me, though I ought not to be troubled. I know that God will open the way, if it is best, and I ought to be content; but somehow I can't help having anxiety about it."

"Well, it can't be at present," added James, as if perfectly satisfied with his situation.

Thus James was led on, and his mother too, not knowing whither Providence was guiding them. James was going up higher all the while, although it scarcely seemed so to his doting mother. The Lord was laying a deeper foundation than could have been laid if she had had her own way. ("Man deviseth his own way, but the Lord directeth his steps.")

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY CARPENTER

At the end of the sixth month after he left, Thomas came home with all his savings. When the joy of the family in his return was a little abated they set to planning a house. The material was soon got together, a contract for building placed with Mr. Treat the only carpenter in the locality.

A few days only elapsed before Mr. Treat and Thomas were hard at work. Even James was not a mere spectator. All the moments he could spare from his farm work he spent in watching the erection of the house. In a day or two he learnt to make himself useful and to the surprise of all, mastered several tricks of the carpenter's trade almost as well as Mr. Treat himself.

His efficiency as a carpenter played such an important part in Jim's life, that it would be worth our while to follow him in his lessons under Mr. Treat.

Jim had had his eye on a keg of nails for some days, anticipating the highest kind of pleasure from driving them in. It was sport for him to drive in nails, as it is for boys generally, and he expected to have his fill of fun.

"Now, Jimmy, you can try your hand at

driving in nails," said Mr. Treat, addressing the boy-carpenter. "That is pretty work, and won't require quite so much elbow-grease."

"I have a particular liking for driving in nails," replied James; "where shall I begin?"

"Here, where I have put in these two. Lay them just as I have laid these, and it will be right. See if you can 'hit the nail on the head;' some boys never can do it, and so they grow up to be men, and live and die, without ever 'hitting the nail on the head.'" Mr. Treat cast a knowing look at James as he said it, and a smile played over his face, as if curious to see how his figurative expression was taken.

"I can hit that sort of a nail on the head, if I can't any other," answered James, with a smile, understanding the drift of his figure of speech. And hastily he let drive his hammer at a nail, and missed it the first time, much to his chagrin.

"Missed the first blow!" exclaimed the carpenter, with a shout of laughter. "You didn't do that as well as you did the planing and mortising. How is that?"

"Only a blunder," James replied, with evident mortification.

"Well, see if you can strike again without blundering," responded Mr. Treat, laughing. "There's a 'knack' in driving in nails as well as in planing boards. Just get the 'knack' of the thing, and it will go."

"Here goes the 'knack,' then," exclaimed James, as his hammer struck the nail squarely on the head. "The 'knack' it is, every time! Nails are made to drive, and I will drive them." And his hammer flew with unerring aim, as nail after nail was driven in with a will that signified determination and force of character. Missing the first blow just put him on his mettle, resolved that a steady aim and square hit should attend every blow that followed. He learned the lesson of carefulness and brave endeavour from his failure, so that he became more expert in the use of the hammer than he would have been otherwise. Such is the case with all boys who win; a failure arouses their hidden skill and energy, and they bid defiance to failures thereafter.

In his youth, Curran, who became the famous Irish orator, broke down on his first attempt to speak in a debating society. He was a stammerer, and when he rose in his place his stuttering speech was worse than ever. He floundered at first, stammered out something nobody could understand, and then stood speechless. His companions roared with laughter. One said, in a low voice, "Orator Mum!" Another peal of laughter followed this new title; and it aroused the invincible spirit of the boy.

"You may laugh now," he shouted finally, "but I will conquer this stammering tongue, and some day you will listen and commend." All of which came to pass exactly as he prophesied.

“Nothing like being plucky,” remarked Mr. Treat, when he witnessed James’s success in driving in nails. “Pluck wins when luck loses.”

“Mother says there is no such thing as *luck*,” responded James.

“Your mother is right, I quite agree with her,” answered Mr. Treat. “Boys that depend on luck for a livelihood go pretty hungry sometimes. I’d rather a boy of mine should have a single ounce of pluck than a whole pound of luck. Luck is like an old United States bank bill, of very uncertain value; but pluck is as good as gold always.”

“Well,” said James jocosely, “you must admit that my first blow was a very *unlucky* one.”

“Unlucky! certainly not!” exclaimed Mr. Treat. “It was just what you said it was, ‘a blunder,’ and a blunder is neither lucky nor unlucky. But you have made amends, so go ahead with your nailing.”

And James did go ahead, spending every moment possible in labour upon the new house, and acquiring facility in the use of tools that served him a good turn many years after. Before the house was completed, he conceived the idea of making the carpenter’s trade a source of profit. It was on his mind day after day, the last thing he thought of before falling asleep at night, and the first thing when he awoke in the morning. He divulged his purpose to no one, but thought of it for several months in his own heart. The family

had removed into the new house. Thomas had returned to Michigan, and James was manager of the farm-work.

"Mother," he said one day, when he could not keep his purpose a secret any longer, "I have a plan to earn some money."

"What is it?"

"To work at the carpenter's trade."

"I'm afraid that plan won't work. You have enough to do on the farm now, and you can't do both."

"I only meant to work at it when I had no work on the farm to do—a job now and then."

"It will be difficult to find such jobs."

"Perhaps it will, but I can *try*, and you believe in *trying*."

James emphasized the words *try* and *trying*, because his mother often made the remark to her children, "There is nothing like *trying*."

"Yes, I believe in *trying* always, and you may *try* as hard as you please to find a job."

"I'm going to Mr. Treat; perhaps he may have a job at planing or something of the kind. I want to earn some money for you as Thomas does. I will go to Michigan when I am as old as he is."

"One son in Michigan is enough, I think. Besides, I hope the day will come when you can be more useful than you can be in chopping wood or planing boards."

"I don't know what there is better than such

work, to help you."

"There is somebody else in the world to help besides me," replied his mother earnestly; "and I don't want you to feel that you are always to be bound to this little township and farm."

"I don't expect to be bound to it always," retorted James, "but I am bound to get a job at carpentering this very day, if I can; and I am going over to see Mr. Treat."

Within less than an hour James entered the carpenter's shop.

"Hallo, Jimmy! is that you? How's your mother?" exclaimed Mr. Treat, in a very jolly way, as he was wont to do.

"She is well."

"There is not much farming to do just now, I suppose?" continued Mr. Treat inquiringly.

"No, not very much; and I came over to see you about some work."

"Ah, is that what brought you here? I see now; what sort of work do you want to do?"

"Your kind of work, of course,—carpentering."

"All right, Jimmy! I am glad to see there are no lazy bones in you. I hate lazy boys above all things, and I know that you don't belong to that class."

"I hope not," answered James; "I thought I might as well be earning a little money for mother, now that Tom's gone, and so I came to see if you could give me a job."

"Yes, my boy, I can, and I am right glad to

do it, too. There is a pile of boards that I want planed, and I know that you can plane them well. I haven't forgotten how you worked on the house."

"How much will you pay me?"

"One cent a board; and that will be pretty good pay."

"When do you want them done?"

"As soon as you can; the quicker the better."

"I will come to-morrow and begin."

"Very well my boy; begin to-morrow, and end when you please."

"You wouldn't like me to keep the job on hand a month, would you?" replied James pleasantly, thinking about the words, "end as you please."

"You would not do that, Jimmy. I know that you will finish it as soon as possible, and that will suit me. When I said 'end it as you please,' I knew that you would please to end it as soon as you could. Your money is ready as soon as the job is done."

It was a proud moment for James, and joy and a sense of victory shone in his eye when he reached home, and reported his good fortune to his mother.

"It will be the first money I ever earned," said James.

"And you are pretty young to earn it," replied his mother. "I'm glad you have the job. I hardly thought you would find one."

"*Trying* brought it," responded James, with a very suggestive expression on his face.

"I think Mr. Treat made the job on purpose for you; he is a great friend of yours," added Mrs. Garfield. "I know he would be glad to help you to all the jobs possible. When are you going to begin it?"

"To-morrow, as early as I can."

"Well, be careful not to overwork. Two hours a day is as much as you ought to work at planing; three hours at most."

"I shall work *six* hours to-morrow, certainly," replied James. "I should laugh to see myself work two hours, and then cry 'baby,' and come home; and I think Mr. Treat would laugh, too."

"I think Mr. Treat will agree with me exactly, that boys must not overwork; and you are so ambitious, James, that you will overwork before you know it, unless somebody warns you." Mrs. Garfield expressed just the opinion that every thoughtful parent would express. James had more energy and ambition than he had discretion, so that he was blind to the value of his mother's counsel.

"If you see me coming home to-morrow in two hours, or three, you may know that I've lost an arm or finished the job," remarked James, very suggestively. And here the conversation closed.

James went to his job the next day with more determination than ever, much as he had shown of this admirable quality before. Before the sun

went down he exclaimed, laying aside the plane:

"One hundred boards, Mr. Treat, done! count them, and see."

"Not a hundred, my boy; you don't mean that, do you?"

"Count them, and see; a hundred boards according to my counting."

"It is a great day's work, if that is the case," said Mr. Treat, as he proceeded to count the boards.

"One hundred it is, indeed," remarked Mr. Treat, completing the counting. "Too much for a boy of your age and size to do in one day. I wouldn't advise you to do more than half that another day."

"I'm not very tired," said James.

"That is not the thing, my boy; thirty years from now you may feel tired from this day's labour more than you do now."

"If it takes as long as that to get tired, then the tired part is far off," responded James, not appreciating the wise remark of his employer.

"Well, now comes the best part of your day's work, the pay," remarked Mr. Treat. "Let us see, one hundred boards take one hundred cents to pay for them—that is just one dollar! A great day's work for a boy-carpenter! Now you count, and I'll count." And he proceeded to count out one hundred cents, making quite a little pile of coin when the dollar, all in cents, was ready for James's pocket.

James's job at Treat's carpenter-shop introduced him to further business in that line. The winter school, however, intervened, and James attended it without the loss of a single day. The day after the school closed, Mr. Treat called to offer him a job to help him in building a barn.

The details must be omitted. The building of this barn provided James with additional facilities for learning how to frame a building; and he improved the opportunity. In many things he was able to go ahead without depending upon his employer, the progress which he made in building the first barn being of great service to him in building the second.

"Not a word of fault to find with you, James," remarked his employer, when the barn was completed. "Work comes easy to you, and you earn your money."

"I mean to know how to build a barn yet," answered James.

"Then you don't think you can quite do it yet?"

"Hardly," said James.

"Pluck and brains will accomplish it, and you have both," added Mr. Treat, intending to pay his young employee a great compliment.

"I'll give you another chance at it one of these days," Mr. Treat added. "I owe you fifteen dollars, exactly." And he counted out the money, and passed it to the happy boy.

"There! the highest price I said, fifty cents

a day; and I'm well satisfied, too." Mr. Treat continued.

James had just passed his thirteenth birthday, and he was developing rapidly into a stalwart boy for one of his age. The winter school opened, and he attended as usual, although he had learnt by heart almost all there was in the text-books. He could repeat a good part of his reading-book, and perform the problems in arithmetic with his eyes shut; yet it was excellent discipline to go over them again.

That winter he found somewhere another volume to read that greatly interested him. It was next to "Robinson Crusoe" in his estimation. The book was "Alonzo and Melissa," well suited to fascinate a boy like him. One reading did not satisfy him. There were two books now that towered above all the books he ever read, and he wondered if there were any more like them, and if so, where? On the whole it was a profitable winter to him; and he began to feel that he could do better for his mother than to run her little farm. Just before the close of school, he said to his mother: "I've been thinking that I can do better for you than to stay on the farm. I could get twelve dollars a month if I went out to work."

"Perhaps so," was all his mother said.

"You could keep a cow, hire a man to plant what is necessary, and take care of it; and it wouldn't cost a quarter as much as I can earn," James continued.

"And it would be four times as hard for you," responded Mrs. Garfield. "It's better for a boy like you to go to school while he can, and not labour all the time. Boys should not work too hard."

"I knew what you'd say; I've learned that by heart," replied James. "But I was never hurt by work yet, and I never expect to be."

"Nevertheless, you may be," responded his mother.

"A fellow may as well be earning something when he can; there's need enough of it in this part of the world," added James.

"In this part of the world!" repeated his mother; "you don't seem to have so high an opinion of this part of the country as you might. What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, so far as I know, only a fellow has a better chance in some other places."

"Better chance for what?" asked his mother.

"To get a living, or make a man, or anything," answered James.

"There's better chance to get an education in some other places, I admit; and I hope you will enjoy it some day," continued Mrs. Garfield.

James knew much about the world now. All that Morse's Geography could teach him about his own and other countries he knew thoroughly. He had picked up much information, too, about New England and the State of New York; and he understood very well that the opportunities for

a boy to earn money, to study, and to rise in the world, were greater in many other parts of the country. It was easy to discover the aspirations of a noble spirit in the boy. He was beginning to feel cramped and confined on the little farm. His soul was outgrowing its sphere of childhood, and was waiting to plume its wings for higher flights. The young eagle was getting ready to leave the nest, and soar.

His mother did not look with favour upon the boy's suggestions. James must be content to live upon the farm for a while. Providence would open the way out into the broad world at the right time. "Wait for Providence."

So James suppressed ambitious desires, and contented himself to remain at home, running the farm, working out by the day for the farmers, as opportunity offered, as well as working at barn-building. Before he was fifteen years old, Mr. Treat gave him an opportunity to work on three more barns and one shed, so that he did learn how to frame a barn, and was really a better carpenter at fifteen years of age than some of the carpenters in that region who claimed to have learned the trade. Being able to turn his hand to any kind of labour, he found plenty to do, leaving him but limited time for play.

1875 Term Examination up to then

CHAPTER VI.

WOOD-CHOPPER AND CANAL-BOY

The restless spirit of James led him to find odd jobs away from home. When thus employed he had to board out for weeks together. In the course of one of these wanderings he came across a store of cheap novels of sea-faring life and was fired by a desire to become a sailor. His mother to whom he made his intention known on his return dreaded the life of a sailor, but she consented to his going away from home if he could find a suitable employment. What James needed most was an outlet for his superabundant energy, and an occupation for his ambitious mind.

The subject was dropped there, and James proceeded to look about the farm. For several days he busied himself in putting things in order, awaiting work elsewhere. At length he heard that his uncle, living at Newburg, near Cleveland, wanted to hire wood-choppers. His uncle was clearing a large tract of forest near a town called Independence. His mother was quite willing that he should go there, because his sister Mehetabel had married, and was living there; and James could board with her. Three days later James presented himself at his uncle's door in Newburg, making

known his errand.

“I am glad to see you, James,” was his uncle’s cordial welcome. “How you are growing! You are almost a man now! Yes, I’ve work enough to be done at chopping, if men will only do it.”

“I like chopping,” interrupted James.

“A great many don’t,” replied his uncle; “and chopping wood is hard work—about as hard as any work there is.”

“I don’t think so,” remarked James. “I do not get so tired chopping as I have been sometimes planing boards.”

“Well, let’s see,” continued his uncle; “how much chopping you can undertake. It’s becoming warmer every day, and you don’t want to chop wood when it is too hot, do you?”

“Perhaps not; I can chop for two months.”

“Suppose you undertake to cut one hundred cords, James; how will that do?”

“I will agree to that. How much will you pay me a cord?”

“I will pay you fifty cents a cord for one hundred cords; and the fifty dollars shall be ready for you as soon as the work is done. How long will you be in cutting it?”

“Fifty days,” James quickly answered.

“A little longer than that, I think, unless you are a very skilful chopper,” suggested his uncle. “There’s a great difference in men, and boys too, in chopping wood.”

“I shall cut two cords a day, on an average,”

said James. "I can do it easily." *مسهل*

"That's pretty good chopping—better than the average," replied his uncle.

The bargain was clinched, and James passed on to the home of his sister, who gave him a warm greeting and agreed to board him. So James was once more settled, and ready to proceed to business. The next morning he appeared in the *role* of a wood-chopper; not a new occupation to him.

It was unfortunate for James that his work was in full view of Lake Erie, on whose blue bosom he could at any time see many ships sailing. The locality seemed to conspire with his previous reading to fan into a flame his desire for a seafaring life. In the circumstances, it was not strange that James recalled the books he had read. He often stopped in his work to watch a vessel gliding over the waves like a swan, and sometimes he would seat himself upon a log to count the sails appearing in the distance. It was a fine spectacle to him, and his young heart bounded with delight. He cherished the secret thought that, some day, he would be sailing over that very lake.

James received no encouragement from any quarter to become a sailor; and his aspirations in that direction became somewhat modified. He thought less of a seafaring life for a time, and devoted himself to wood-chopping with commendable industry. Two cords a day were cut and piled with ease. He could have cut two cords

and a half each day without lengthening his days much. But he had fixed the limit when he began, and James was not the boy to change his purpose.

His sister owned a few books, and his uncle more; and, between them both, James was quite well provided with reading. They were healthy and profitable volumes for such a reader as James, who preferred a book to the society of the young men of the town, who might gather at any public resort.

James chopped the hundred cords of wood in fifty days, and received his pay, according to the contract. On paying him, his uncle said: "I hope you will not always be a wood-chopper, James, although it is a necessary and honourable business. But you are competent to do something of more consequence. The way may open for you to get an education yet: how would you like that?"

Bidding his uncle and sister good-bye, James returned home, and presented his mother with the balance of the fifty dollars, after paying for his board.

James was restless and dissatisfied when he returned home. His mother saw that he was uneasy, and she feared that he was thinking about the sea. Nor was she mistaken in her apprehensions, although she remained silent on the subject. Thus matters continued through the winter, James attending school and looking after the place. In

the spring he worked at odd jobs in the town, until the farm demanded his attention. It was evident, however, that his heart was not in his work. His thoughts were on the sea. At last he seemed to reach a point where he could restrain his desires no longer. It was about the first of July. He said to his mother: "Mother, you don't know how I long for the sea. Why cannot I look for a place on a ship?"

"Where do you want to go to, James?" his mother replied.

This answer was unexpected. James anticipated a direct refusal, but the answer seemed to indicate a change of feeling in his mother; and it encouraged him to proceed. There was really no change in his mother's feelings, but she was a sagacious woman, and there was a change in her tactics.

"I'm not particular where I go; I want to see something of the world," was James's answer.

"It's rather queer for a boy of your ability not to know where he wants to go," said his mother. "If I wanted to go somewhere, I would find out *where* in the first place. You don't care whether you go to Europe, Asia, or Africa!"

"Not exactly that," replied James; "I should like to cross the Atlantic."

"And be sick enough of it before you got half way across," remarked Mrs. Garfield. "Boys don't know what they want."

"I know what I want," retorted James; "and

that is what I am trying to tell you. I want to try life on the ocean. If I don't like it, I'll give it up."

"That's not so easy. You get out to the Mediterranean, or to China, and it will not be very easy to give it up and come home. You will wish that you had taken your mother's advice." His mother said this with much feeling.

"I shall never know till I try," James continued. "But I will never go to sea, or anywhere else, unless you consent."

"Suppose you try a trip in a schooner on Lake Erie first, and see how you like it," suggested his mother. "Perhaps you won't like it. You will not be far from home then."

"Are you willing that I should do that?" inquired James, brightening up at the prospect.

"I would much rather you did that than cross the Atlantic, and I would give my consent to that," his mother answered, with reluctance.

"It is settled, then," replied James. "I shall start for Lake Erie as soon as I can get ready."

Mrs. Garfield's tactics prevailed. She had given much thought to the subject, and had reluctantly concluded that, if the worst came to the worst, she would compromise with the boy, and allow him to ship on Lake Erie. She feared that his desire to become a sailor would prove uncontrollable, and that in any case he would eventually go to sea. Perhaps, by allowing him to try life on board a ship, in a smaller way, and at a place so

near home as the familiar lake, would result in his finally abandoning the idea of a "life on the ocean wave."

James prepared for his departure as soon as possible; and taking what money was necessary, with his inevitable bundle, he returned his mother's kiss, but not her tears, and started for Cleveland, where he expected to ship. He walked the whole distance, seventeen miles, and was in sight of the tempting sails at twelve o'clock noon.

He proceeded directly to the wharf, and boarded the first schooner he found.

"Is there any chance for another hand on board?" he inquired of one of the crew.

The sailor answered, "The captain will soon come up from the hold."

So James waited, expecting soon to stand in the presence of a stout, gentlemanly, noble-looking man, just such a captain as he had read of in books. He did not wait long before the sailor whom he had addressed remarked: "The captain is coming."

James heard a tremendous noise below, as if there was trouble of some kind; and then he heard a human voice belching out most horrible oaths at somebody or something, as if the captain of the infernal regions was approaching. He scarcely knew what to make of it. But, while he stood wondering, the captain appeared—a drunken, beastly, angry fellow—a whisky-barrel on legs, his mouth its bung-hole, pouring out the vilest stuff

possible: James had seen some hard customers before, but if the pit could send up a more horrible sample of humanity from its "hold," he did not wish to meet him. James looked at the creature a moment, and the disgusting creature looked at him, when he ventured to approach him, saying, in a gentlemanly way: "Captain?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Do you want to hire another hand for your schooner?"

"What if I do, you green land-lubber?" exclaimed the captain, with another torrent of oaths. "Get off this schooner in double-quick time or I'll throw you into the dock."

James attempted to excuse himself in a polite way, but the infuriated wretch only cursed and raved the more, shaking his fists in the most threatening manner.

"Get out, I say, or I'll be the death of you. Do you think I'd hire such a lubber and greenhorn to run my schooner?" And the blackest oaths continued to roll out of his mouth.

The last sound of that terrible voice that lingered on James's ear, as he hurried from the craft, was that of profanity. Such a repulse he never dreamed of. He scarcely thought such a scene possible anywhere. He had read of sailors and captains, but he had never read of such a captain as that. He began to think that books are not always reliable. It was the first time he had ever stopped to think that men are not always

what they are represented to be in books. The experience was a damper to his seafaring propensity. In this respect, it was a good thing for the boy. As it turned out, the drunken captain prevented him from becoming a sailor. It was a rather rough way of being turned aside from a purpose, but the roughest usage sometimes leads to the best results.

James sat down on a pile of wood to muse on the ways of the world, and to eat a lunch which he had put into his pocket on leaving home. He could not understand the philosophy of such a course as the captain pursued. He did nothing to provoke him. "The man," he thought, "was provoked before I saw him; for I heard his fearful oaths." He concluded, finally, that he did appear rather young and inexperienced to the captain, for his clothes were countrified and worn; and perhaps he did not know exactly how to present himself to a sea captain, wood-chopper and farmer, as he was. The more he pondered, the more he found an excuse for the captain, and the less disposed he was to give up his purpose to be a sailor.

He ceased to muse, and walked along the wharf, perhaps not exactly satisfied what to do next. He was soon startled, however, by a voice:

"Jim! Jim!"

James turned about; the voice came from a canal boat.

"Hallo, Jim! How came you here?"

It was Amos Letcher, his cousin, who called

to him from the canal boat.

“You here, Amos?” exclaimed James; and he was on board the boat in a hurry, shaking hands with his old friend and relative.

“How came you here?” inquired Amos. “The last I knew of you, you were chopping wood.”

“I came over to see if I could find work on a ship on the Lake,” replied James

“What luck?”

“Not much, yet.”

“Seen anybody?”

Finally James rehearsed his experience on the schooner, and Amos listened with a kind of comical interest.

“Hot reception,” remarked Amos, after listening to the recital. “Some of the captains are hard customers, I tell you.”

“Hard!” repeated James; “that is no name for that fellow. I suppose he is human; he looks like a man, but he is more of a demon.”

“You wouldn’t like to ship with such a brute, would you?” Amos inquired.

“No; I’d rather chop wood.”

“How would you like a canal boat?”

“I don’t know; would it help me to get a place on a ship?”

“It might, some day.”

“Another hand wanted on this boat?” James asked.

“Yes, we want another driver.”

“Where’s the captain?”

"I am captain."

"You captain, Amos?" replied James, with much surprise.

"Yes, I am captain; and I should be very glad to hire you."

"Driver! that is, I drive the horses?" asked James, inquiringly.

"That is just it; not so hard as chopping wood."

"Where do you go to?"

"To Pittsburg."

"What do you carry?"

"Copper ore."

"I think I will sign on, Captain Letcher," continued James, repeating the title of his cousin, to see how it sounded. "How much will you pay me?"

"Twelve dollars a month; that is what we pay drivers."

"I'll take the position, Captain Letcher, and do the best I can."

"And I shan't ask you to do any better than that," said Amos, as humourously as James had repeated his title.

"We start to-morrow morning," added the captain. "You will not lose much time."

"So much the better," answered James, thinking himself quite fortunate, on the whole.

The canal at that time was a great thoroughfare between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The name of the canal boat commanded by Captain

Letcher was, 'Evening Star,' and its capacity was seventy tons. It was manned by two steersmen, two drivers, a bowman, and a cook, besides the captain—seven men in all. The bowman's business was to make the locks ready, and to stop the boat as it entered the lock, by throwing the bow-line, that was attached to the bow of the boat, around the snubbing post. The drivers were furnished with two mules each, which were driven one before the other; one driver with his mules serving a given number of hours, then giving place to the other, and going on board with his mules.

Boatmen, as a class, were rough fellows. "Profane, coarse, vulgar, whisky-drinkers," describes them exactly. Rum and tobacco were among their necessities of life, almost as much so as bread or meat. They cared nothing for morals and religion, and often made them the butt of ridicule. The best fellow was the one who could drink the most whisky and sing the worst songs. Of course, such fellows were no company for James. The contrast between him and one of this class was very marked. It was a new and hard school for him.

At sunrise on the following morning, James took his turn at mule-driving, the captain starting him off well with some instructions. The boat was to pass through the first lock before James hitched on. This done, James stepped into the rank of mule-driver. It was going to sea on a small scale, and so there was some fascination

about it. And yet he was on the towpath instead of the water, except when he tumbled in. Within an hour James heard the captain: "Hi, Jim! Boat comin'. Steady."

James knew it as well as the captain, and designed to pass the boat with signal success. But somehow, he could scarcely tell how the two drivers got their lines tangled, interrupting the progress of the mules. The lines were soon separated, but the impetus of Captain Letcher's boat, in the delay, pushed it up in a line with the horses, when the steersman called out: "Look out, Jim, whip up that team, or your line will catch on the bridge!"

"Ay!" James answered, as he whipped the mules into a trot.

"Steady, steady!" called the captain, fearing that James was rushing into trouble by too much speed. The caution was too late, however. Just as the team reached the middle of the bridge the lines tightened, and jerked driver and mules into the canal.

"Quick! help!" shouted the captain, and every man ran to their rescue.

"Hold on, Jim!" cried the bowman, meaning that James should understand deliverance was at hand. James was holding on as well as he could, with two stupid mules to manage in the water. For some minutes it was difficult to tell how the affair would terminate, for there was serious danger that mules and driver would go to the

bottom together. But it had always been James's good fortune to come to the top. So he did here; and he was soon astride the leading mule, urging him out of the difficulty. A few minutes only elapsed before all were rescued, with no injury except a good ducking.

During the process of rescuing the unfortunate victims of the accident, there had been no jesting or light remarks, but one serious, earnest effort to save the mules and to rescue James. But no sooner were the sufferers safe on the tow-path, than general laughter and mirth over the mishap ensued. James enjoyed it as much as the rest of them.

Jim and the captain had been fellow-students long ago. Since then Jim had acquired a good deal of knowledge, and educated himself in many ways. When the captain discovered this he could not understand why Jim should wish to waste his opportunities by going out to sea.

"But you don't know what a longing I have for life on the ocean," said James. "Mother never gave her consent till lately, and then, only to sail on Lake Erie."

"That's where your mother is right. She knows your abilities, and wants you to follow what your abilities fit you to become. I shouldn't think she would ever consent to such a wild project as your going to sea. To be a sailor, when you might be a teacher or governor, is the most foolish thing in the world."

"Now, captain," replied James, as if doubting his sincerity, "do you really think that my talents promise any such result as that?"

"Certainly I do; I shouldn't say it if I didn't think so. I would go to school in the autumn, and teach school next winter, if I were in your place. This summer you'll earn almost enough money to pay your way."

The conversation ceased; but James's thoughts ran on. He began to wonder whether he was such a fool as would appear from the captain's remarks. It was quite evident that Captain Letcher had set him thinking in the right direction. If he did possess talents for some high position, he was a fool, surely, to throw them away for nothing. He began to see it in that light. What his cousin had said agreed very well with what several other people had told him, and he began to think that all of them could not be wrong. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word shall be established."

It was but a few weeks after this conversation that James was quite severely attacked by ague, a disease that prevailed somewhat in that region. It prostrated him to such a degree that he was unfitted for labour; and this offered a favourable opportunity for him to carry out his new resolution.

"I must go home, captain," said James.

"It's a wise conclusion, Jim. You are too unwell for work, and there's no place like home

for sick folks. I don't want to part with you, and the men will be sorry when you go; but I think you'd better go."

"I regret leaving your service, captain, for I've enjoyed it; but I've been thinking over your advice, and I think I shall put it in practice."

"You can't do a wiser thing, Jim; and I wouldn't lose a day about it. As soon as you are well, I'd go and study, if I were in your place."

The captain settled with James, paying him at the rate of twelve dollars a month while he was driver, and eighteen dollars a month while he was bowman; and James started for home.

James was never so melancholy in his life as he was on the way home. The ague had taken his strength away, and made him almost as limp as a child. Then, he was thinking more of his duties and his good mother. He had not written to her in his absence of between two and three months, and he rather rebuked himself for the neglect. "True," he thought, "I have been on the wing all of the time, and there has been little opportunity for writing;" and so he partially excused himself for the neglect. His mother supposed that he was serving on a schooner somewhere on Lake Erie. He ought to have informed her of his whereabouts. So his thoughts were busy during his lonely journey home. It was nearly dark when he left the boat, so that he did not reach home until eleven o'clock at night.

As he drew near the house, he could see the

light of the fire through the window. His heart beat quick and strong; he knew that it would be a glad surprise to his mother. Looking in at the window, he beheld her kneeling in the corner, with a book open in the chair before her. Was she reading? He looked again: her eyes were turned heavenward; she was praying. He listened, and he distinctly heard, "Oh, turn unto me, and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid!" That was enough; he waited to hear no more. Mother and son were united again in loving embrace; and the tears that were shed were tears of joy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TURNING-POINT: FURTHER SCHOOLING

The weeks dragged heavily along, and winter set in. James was still weak, but convalescent. A few weeks more, according to his improved symptoms, and he would be well enough for business or school.

The winter school near Mrs. Garfield's began the first week in December, and the master was a young man of the name of Samuel D. Bates. He was a young man of ability and a very earnest Christian. He was also an energetic, industrious young man, possessing much common-sense, and intensely interested in benefiting the young people, intellectually and spiritually. From the commencement of the school he was very popular.

Mrs. Garfield made his acquaintance, and at once concluded that he was just the person to lead James to aspire to an education. She could not help him herself, but her faith that God would open the way for him to go to school was unfaltering. She seized the first opportunity to tell Mr. Bates about James—his sickness, frame of mind, and aspirations. She frankly announced to him that she wanted him to bring all his influence to bear upon James to induce him to strive for an education. The teacher readily consented,

for that was a kind of business in which he delighted,—to help young men onward and upward. His first call upon James was immediate, though he did not announce the real object he had in view, thinking it would not be wise to do so.

“Mr. Bates is a very interesting man, James,” remarked Mrs. Garfield, after the teacher left. “I don’t wonder the scholars like him.”

“I like him very much,” replied James. “I hope he will come here often. I wish I was able to go to his school.”

“I wish you could; but Providence orders otherwise, and it will be all for the best, I have no doubt. Mr. Bates is working his way into the ministry. He teaches at school in order to earn money to pay his bills. That is what you could do. If you could go to school a few months, you could teach in a school next winter, and, in that way, earn money for further study.”

“I don’t know that I should be contented in that occupation,” responded James. “At times, mother, I have a strong desire to go to sea again. There is something about the water that fascinates me. The sight of a ship delights me; indeed, the *thought* of a ship awakens in me a strong desire to tread its deck and handle its ropes.”

“But you are not disposed to return to the canal, or to follow a seafaring life?” inquired his mother, surprised at his frank avowal. She had

begun to think that he had abandoned all thoughts of the sea.

"I should like it if I thought it was best," he answered.

"It is not best, James; I can see that plainly."

"Since I have got better, my desire for the sea has to some extent returned," added James, "causing me to ask myself whether I shall not be disappointed if I abandon the purpose altogether."

"Not at all," responded Mrs. Garfield. "When you once become engaged in study, you will like it far better than you can the sea, I am sure; and school teaching is a business that will bring you both money and respect. I think we can manage to scrape together money enough for you to start with."

"I will think it over," added James; "I shan't decide in a hurry."

Mrs. Garfield feared that a total abandonment of the idea of going to sea would be quite impossible for James at present; and so her policy was to lure him into the way of knowledge by degrees. She suggested sailing in summer and teaching in winter, hoping that, when he had qualified himself to teach, he would be so much in love with books as to banish all thoughts of a ship.

Mr. Bates continued his calls at the Garfields', always aiming to draw out James in regard to his religious convictions, and his plans for the future. All these interviews were very profitable to James. His mother saw clearly that in the

skilful hands of the teacher he was being moulded, and her heart rejoiced.

The constant urging of Mr. Bates had its wholesome influence on James, who decided to join a school at Chester; there most of the scholars paid their own way, by working in the intervals or during vacation. His mother rejoiced at this decision.

"I have a little money, and I know where I can get a little more, and that will be enough to begin on," his mother remarked.

"I can find work to do out of school on Saturdays, when there is no school, and so earn money to pay my way," responded James.

"Yes, I've no doubt of it. You know that Mr. Bates said all these things would come right when you had decided to go," remarked Mrs. Garfield.

"I mean to see if William and Henry will go with me; we can live together," continued James. These were his two cousins, who lived close by, sons of his uncle, Amos Boynton. They were members of his Spelling Club a few years before, when, together, they mastered Noah Webster's "Spelling Book."

"That will be a good idea, James; and I think they will go," responded his mother, encouragingly. "There is no reason why they should not go."

It was only three weeks before the school at Chester would begin. James announced to his

cousins that he had resolved to attend Geauga High-school, and wanted them to go also. The subject was discussed in the family for a week; Mr. Bates was consulted, and was glad to induce two other boys to take so wise a step. Finally it was settled that William and Henry should go with James.

"I wish you had a better suit of clothes, James," remarked his mother, "but we shall have to make these do, I think." Indeed, he possessed no other suit. The trousers were nearly out at the knees, but under the skilful hand of his mother they were made almost as good as new.

"They are good enough, anyway," said James, in reply to his mother's wish. It was fortunate that he was not the victim of a false pride: if he had been he would not have consented to attend a "high-school" in that condition.

It was settled that the boys should board themselves, each one carrying his own outfit in utensils and provisions as a matter of economy.

When Mrs. Garfield had scraped together all the money she could for James, the amount was only about eleven dollars.

"That will do to begin with," he remarked. "I can earn more."

On the fifth day of March, the day before the school opened, James and his cousins travelled to Chester on foot, quite heavily laden with cooking utensils and provisions. The distance was ten miles, over roads that were very bad, at that

season of the year.

They proceeded directly to the house of the principal, Mr. Daniel Branch, an eccentric man, though a very respectable scholar in some subjects.

"We've come to attend your school," said James, addressing himself to Mr. Branch. "We come from Orange."

"What's your name?" inquired the principal.

"My name is James A. Garfield; and these are my cousins (turning to the boys); their names are William and Henry Boynton."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, boys; you might be engaged in much worse business than this. I suppose you are no richer than most of the scholars we have here."

The last remark of Mr. Branch was good evidence that he had surveyed the new-comers from head to foot, and that the remark was prompted by their poor dress.

"No, sir," answered James, drily; "we are not loaded down with gold or silver, but with pots, and kettles, and provisions for housekeeping."

"Are you going to board yourselves?" replied the teacher, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, sir; can you tell us where we can find a room?" answered James.

"Yes; near by," answered Mr. Branch; "a good deal of that is done here. Scores of our boys and girls would never stay here if they could not board themselves. Look here,"

and stepping out from the door-way, he pointed to an old, unpainted house, twenty or thirty rods away. "You see that old house there, do you?" he said. James assented. "I think you will find a room there; an old lady, as poor as you are, lives in one part of it. You will go to her to inquire."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," repeated the boys politely, as they set out for the antique habitation. They found the old lady, and hired a room for a very small sum; in it there were a fireplace, as well as three old chairs, that corresponded with the building, and on the floor two beds, or what the good woman of the house was bold enough to call beds. Here they unpacked their goods, and set up housekeeping by cooking their first meal.

The "Geauga High School" was a flourishing institution, having a hundred students, of both sexes, drawn thither from the towns in that region. Chester, the town in which it was located, was small but pleasant, the academy furnishing the only attraction of the place.

School opened, and James devoted himself to grammar, natural philosophy, arithmetic, and algebra. He had seen only one text-book of algebra before he purchased the one he used. The principal advised him to take this course of study.

It was a new scene for James, a school of one hundred pupils, male and female, most of them better clad than himself. He was awkward and

bashful, especially in the presence of young ladies, whom he regarded as far superior to young men of the same age and attainment. Still, he entered readily into the routine of the school, and soon was under full headway, like a new vessel with every sail set.

The boys succeeded tolerably well at house-keeping, though they did not extract quite so much fun from it as they expected. After a short time, they hired the old lady in the house to cook some of their food. She did their washing also. It was only a very small amount they paid her weekly. Nevertheless, through buying his books and incurring some other unavoidable expenses, James saw his eleven dollars dwindling away quite rapidly.

"I must look for work, or I shall become bankrupt soon," remarked James. "I can almost see the bottom of my purse now."

"What sort of work do you expect to find in this little place?" inquired William.

"Carpenter's work, I suppose," answered James. "I've had my eye on that carpenter's shop yonder for some time. They seem to be busy there. I never yet lived in a place where I couldn't find work enough. I shall try them to-morrow."

"What is that carpenter's name?" inquired William.

"Woodworth—Heman Woodworth. I have had my eye on him for some time."

Before school, on the following morning, James applied to Mr. Woodworth for work.

“What do you know about this business?” Mr. Woodworth inquired.

“I have worked for Mr. Treat, of Orange,” James replied.

“I know him; what can you do?” said Mr. Woodworth.

“I can build a barn, if you want me to do so,” answered James, laughingly. “I have helped to build five or six barns. I can plane for you.”

“You look as if you might be a good, strong fellow for planing,” continued Mr. Woodworth. “Do you pay your own way at school?”

“Yes, sir; I had only eleven dollars to begin with, and that won’t last long.”

“Not long, I should think, as board is expensive here.”

“I board myself,” added James, by way of enlightening the carpenter.

“Board yourself? That is rather hard, though many do it.”

“Many things are tougher than that,” remarked James.

“Perhaps so; but that is tough enough. You may come over after school, and I’ll see what I can do for you.”

“And what you can do for yourself,” quickly responded James. “If I can’t work so as to make it an object for you to hire me, then I don’t wish to work for you. I don’t ask you to let me have work as a matter of charity.”

Mr. Woodworth admired the pluck of the boy,

and he repeated, "Come over after school, and I will see what I can do for you."

"I can work two or three hours a day, and all day on Saturdays; and you needn't put a price on my work until you see what I can do," added James, as he turned away.

The result was that Mr. Woodworth hired James, who worked at the shop before school in the morning, and then hurried back to it at the close of school, at four o'clock; and on Saturdays he did a long day's work. He continued doing this through the term, denying himself the games and sports enjoyed by the scholars, excepting only an occasional hour. No boy loved a pastime better than he, but to pay his bills was more important than sport. At the close of the term he had money enough to pay all his bills, and between two and three dollars to carry home with him.

To James one of the chief attractions of the High School was its library, although it was small. It contained only one hundred and fifty volumes; but to James that number was a spectacle to behold. He was not long in ascertaining what books it contained; not that he read a great many of them, for he had not time. But he examined the library, and found a class of books just suited to aid students like himself, and he was well satisfied. He made as much use of them as possible in the circumstances, and often read far into the night. It was a luxury to him, rather than a self-denial,

to extend his studies into the night, in order to be perfect in his lessons, and secure time for reading.

The regulations of the school made it necessary for James to write a composition twice a month, sometimes upon a subject announced by the principal, and sometimes upon a topic of his own selection. Occasionally, the authors of the essays were required to read them to the whole school from the platform. The first time that James read an essay he trembled more than he did before rebel cannon twelve or fourteen years later.

"Lucky for me," said James to his room-mates, "that there was a curtain in front of my legs," alluding to a narrow curtain on the edge of the platform.

"How so?" inquired William.

"No one could see my legs shake; you would have thought they had the shaking palsy."

"I never would have thought that of you," added William.

"It's true, whether you thought it of me or not. I never trembled so in my life."

"Then you were scared?" remarked William.

James had taken from the library the "Life of Henry C. Wright," and had become deeply interested in its study. He learned of the privations and self-denial of Mr. Wright, as well as his methods of acquiring education; and he was captivated by the spirit of the man.

"We can live cheaper than we do," he remarked to his cousins. "Another term we must adopt Mr. Wright's diet."

"What was that?" inquired Henry.

"Milk."

"Nothing but milk?"

"Bread and milk; a milk diet wholly."

"How long?"

"Right through his course of study."

"Was it cheaper than our present living—thirty-five cents a week, apiece?"

"Yes; but better than that, it was healthier."

"How did he know that?"

"Because he was better than ever before, and had a clearer head for study."

"But it may not suit us," remarked William, who had been listening to the conversation.

"We shan't know till we try," answered James. "I propose to try it next term. We are a little too extravagant in our living now; we must cut down our expenses. I have had the last cent that I shall take from my friends. I shall pay my own way hereafter."

"You can't do it," said Henry.

"Then I will give up study. I know I can do it. My mother needs all the money she can get without helping me."

"I admire your pluck," added Henry; "but I think you will find yourself mistaken."

"As I am earning money now, I can pay my way," continued James; "and on a milk diet I

can save a little more."

"And if you should decide not to eat anything, you could live at very small expense," retorted Henry, by way of making fun of his milk diet.

"Laugh at it as much as you please," replied James; "meat is not necessary to health—I am sure of that. There is more nourishment in good bread and milk than there is in meat."

"Well, I should take meat if I could get it," interrupted William. "Milk for babes; and I am not a baby."

"Milk for scholars," responded James; "I actually believe that a better scholar can be made of milk than of meat."

And so the boys treated with some levity a subject over which James became an enthusiast. He was thoroughly taken with Mr. Wright's mode of living, and thoroughly resolved to adopt it the next term.

A vacation of two months in the summer gave James ample opportunity for manual labour. Thomas was at home, and he decided to build a frame-barn for his mother. He could have the assistance of James, who really knew more about barn-building than Thomas did.

"I suppose you can frame it, Jim?" said Thomas.

"I suppose I can, if algebra and philosophy have not driven out all I learned of the business."

"You can try your hand at it, then. I should think that algebra and philosophy would help rather than hinder barn-building," added Thomas.

"Precious little they have to do with barns, I tell you," responded James. "They are interesting studies, though."

"It won't take you long to find out what you can do," continued Thomas; "it spoils some boys to go to school too much."

Thomas had prepared sufficient timber for the barn when he was at home at different times. It was all ready to be worked into the building; and the brothers proceeded to the task resolutely, James leading off in framing it. No outside help was called in, Thomas and James considering themselves equal to the task.

We need not delay to record the details of the job. It will answer our purpose to add, simply, that the barn was built by the brothers, and thus one more convenience was added for the comfort of their mother.

As soon as the barn was completed, James sought work elsewhere among the farmers. He must earn some money before returning to Chester, for a portion of his doctor's bill remained unpaid, and then a new suit of clothes, shirts, and other things would require quite a large outlay.

CHAPTER VIII.

STUDENT, TEACHER, DEBATER

James spent three years at Geauga High School, earning enough to meet all his expenses. He worked as a manual labourer in the first year, and as a school teacher in the winter of the following years. By this time he had acquired considerable skill as a debater and public speaker through constant practice in the School Debating Society. He was very thorough in his methods of study, and never let any bit of knowledge pass unnoticed; he tested for himself the accuracy of all that was presented to him. (He never accepted the thoughts of another, unless he realised that they were true and useful.)

It was during his last term there that he met a young man who was a graduate of a New England college. James had never thought of extending his education so far as a college course. He scarcely thought it was possible, in his extreme poverty, to do so.

"You can do it," said the graduate. "Several students did it when I was in college. I did it, in part, myself."

"How could I do it?" inquired James.

"In the first place," answered the graduate, "there is a fund in most of the New England colleges, perhaps in all of them, the income of which goes to aid poor students. It is small, to

be sure, but then every little helps when one is in a tight place. Then there is a great demand for school-teachers in the winter, and college students are sought after."

"How much is the annual expense to an economical student?" asked James.

"It varies somewhat in different colleges, though two hundred dollars a year, not including apparel, could be made to cover the expenses, I think. A young man would be obliged to be very saving in order to do it."

"I am used to that," added James. "They say that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and I have invented a good many ways of living cheaply."

"I have known students to obtain jobs in term time—those who know how to do certain work," continued the graduate. "I knew a student who took care of a man's garden two summers, for which he received liberal pay. I knew one who taught a gentleman's son an hour or so every day, for which he was paid well. The boy was in delicate health, not able to enter a school for hard study. I have known students to get jobs, about the college buildings. I knew one student who sawed wood for his fellow-students in the autumn and winter terms, and he was one of the best scholars in his class. He was very popular, too, and was honoured for his perseverance in acquiring an education. I think that he must have paid half his bills by sawing wood"

From that time James was fully determined to take a college course, or, at least, to try for it; and he immediately added Latin and Greek to his studies.

During the year of his connection with Geauga High School, James became a member of the Disciples' Church in Orange. He took the step after much reflection, and he took it for greater usefulness. At once he became an active, working Christian, in Chester.

In religious meetings his simple, earnest appeals, eloquently expressed, attracted universal attention. There was a naturalness and fervour in his addresses that held an audience remarkably. Many attended meetings to hear him speak, and for no other reason. His power as a public speaker began to show itself unmistakably at that time. No doubt his youthful appearance lent a charm to his words.

"He is a born preacher," remarked Mr. Branch, "and he will make his mark in that profession."

At this time the anti-slavery contest ran high throughout the country. In Ohio its friends were as zealous and fearless as they were anywhere in the country. The question of the abolition of slavery was discussed, not only in pulpits and on public platforms, but in villages and schools. It was discussed in the Debating Society of the High School. "*Ought Slavery to be abolished in this Republic?*" This was a question that drew out

James in one of his best efforts. From the time his attention was drawn to the subject, he was a thorough hater of slavery. It was such a monstrous wrong, that he had no patience with it.

"A disgrace to the nation," he said. "People fighting to be free, and then reducing others to a worse slavery than that against which they fought! It is a burning shame!"

"The founders of the government didn't think so," answered the schoolmate addressed. "If they had thought so, they would have made no provision for it."

"So much more the shame," replied James. "The very men who fought to break the British yoke of bondage legalized a worse bondage to others! That is what makes my blood boil. I can't understand how men of intelligence and honour could do what is so inconsistent and inhuman."

"Slavery wouldn't have much of a chance where you are, I think," added his schoolmate. "You would sweep it away without discussing the question whether immediate emancipation is safe or not."

"Safe!" exclaimed James, in a tone of supreme contempt; "it is always *safe* to do right, and it is never safe to do wrong, especially to do such a monstrous wrong as to buy and sell men."

It was this inborn and inbred hostility to human bondage that James carried into the school discussion of the question. He prepared himself

for the debate with more than usual care. He read whatever he could find upon the subject, and he taxed his active brain to the utmost in seeking arguments against the crime.

Companions and friends had been surprised and interested before by his ability in debate; but on this occasion he discussed his favourite theme with larger freedom and more eloquence than ever. There was a manly and exhaustive treatment of the question, such as he had not shown before. It enlisted his sympathies and honest convictions as no previous question had done; so that his fervour and energy were greater than ever, holding the audience in rapt and delighted attention.

Late in the autumn James met with a young man who was connected with the Eclectic Institute, a new institution just established in Hiram, Portage County, Ohio. James knew that such an institution had been opened, and that was all; of its scope and character he was ignorant.

"You can prepare for college there," he said to James; "there is no better place in the country for that business. The school opened with over one hundred scholars, and the number is rapidly increasing."

"Are there any who are preparing for college there now?" James inquired.

"Yes, several; I am one of them."

"How far have you gone on your studies?"

"I have only just begun. As I have to work my own way, it will be slow."

"That is the case with me. So far I have had but eleven dollars from friends, and I have more than returned that amount to them."

"A fellow can do it if he only has grit enough."

"How expensive is the school?" continued James.

"Not more expensive than Geauga High School. It is designed to give a chance to the poorest boy or girl to get an academical education. Besides, it is supported by the Disciples, and the teachers belong to that sect."

"I belong to the Disciples' Church," said James.

"So do I. That would not take me there, however, if it was not a good school. I think it is one of the best schools to be found."

"The teachers are well qualified, are they?"

"They are the very best of teachers; there are no better in any school."

"I am glad that you have called my attention to the school," added James. "I think I shall go there next year."

James closed his connection with Geauga High School at the expiration of the autumn term, leaving it with a reputation for scholarship and character of which the institution was justly proud. As we have said, he taught in school during the following winter. It was at a place where he had taught before. He received eighteen dollars a month, and board, and won the esteem and gratitude of his patrons.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE

Several weeks would intervene before the commencement of the term at Hiram; and James looked about for work, that he might add to his funds for his education. He was planning now to lay up money to assist himself through college. He found jobs to occupy his time fully until he would leave to enter the Eclectic Institute.

It was the last of August, 1851, when James reached Hiram. The board of trustees was in session. Proceeding directly to the institution, he accosted the janitor.

"I want to see the principal of the Institute," he said.

"He is engaged with the board of trustees, who are in session now," replied the hall-porter.

"Can I see him or them?"

"Probably; I will see." And the hall-porter went directly to the room of the trustees, and announced:

"A young man at the door, who is desirous to see the board at once."

"Let him come in," answered the chairman.

James presented himself politely, though, perhaps, awkwardly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am anxious to get

an education, and have come here to see what I can do."

"Well, this is a good place to obtain an education," answered the chairman, without waiting for James to proceed further. "Where are you from?"

"From Orange. My name is James Abram Garfield. I have no father; he died when I was an infant. My mother is a widow, Eliza Garfield."

"And you want what education this institution can furnish?"

"Yes, sir, provided I can work my way."

"Then you are poor?"

"Yes, sir; but I can work my way. I thought, perhaps, that I could have the chance to ring the bell, and sweep the floors, to pay part of my bills."

"What schooling have you had?"

"I have attended Geauga High School three years, teaching in school in the winter."

"Ah! then you are well advanced?"

"No, not very far advanced. I have begun Latin and Greek."

"Then you think of going to college?"

"That is what I am trying for."

"I think we had better try this young man," said one of the trustees, addressing the chairman. He was much impressed by the earnestness and intelligence of the applicant, and was in favour of rendering him all the aid possible.

"Yes," answered the chairman; "he has set out upon a noble work, and we must help him

as far as we can."

"How do we know that you can do the sweeping and bell-ringing to suit us?" inquired another trustee of James.

"Try me—try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction, I will retire without a single word."

James's honest reply settled the matter.

He was nineteen years old at this time; he became twenty in the following November. So he was duly installed bell-ringer and sweeper-general.

James sought an early opportunity to confer with the principal.

"I want your advice as to my course of study," he said. "My purpose is to enter college, and I want to pursue the best way there."

"You want to make thorough work of it as you go along?" the principal answered, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, sir, as thorough as possible. What I know, I want to know thoroughly."

"That is a good idea; better take time, and master everything as you go along. Many students fail because they are satisfied with a smattering of knowledge. (Be a scholar, or don't undertake the course.)"

"I agree with you perfectly; I am ready to accept your advice, and will regulate my course accordingly."

"Our regular preparatory course of study can-

not be improved. I think," continued the principal. "You can pursue higher studies here, and enter college in advance if you choose. But that can be determined hereafter. At present, you can go on with the branches undertaken, and time will indicate any changes that may be necessary."

"It will be necessary for me to labour out of school hours, in order to pay all my bills," added James. "Then I should like to be earning something more to help me through college."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I can work on a farm, or in a carpenter's shop, or do odd jobs, almost anything that turns up. I have already seen the carpenter here."

"Well, what prospect is there for work?"

"After a few days he will have work for me, mostly planing; and that I have done more than anything in the carpenter's line."

"You are fortunate to find work at once."

"I never have failed to find work since I have been dependent upon my own exertions."

"I hope you always will find work, so that you may realize your object. I shall do everything in my power to assist you and do it with all my heart."

"Thank you," responded James, grateful for the deep interest the principal appeared to show in his welfare.

He secured quarters in a room with four other students; rather crowded for the highest comfort, but "necessity multiplies bedfellows." Here he

set about his literary work with a zeal and devotion that attracted attention. The office of bell-ringer obliged him to rise very early, for the first bell was rung at five o'clock. The office of sweeper also compelled him to be on the alert at an early hour. Promptness was the leading requirement of the youth who rang the bell. It must be rung to the exact minute. A single minute too early or too late, spoiled the promptness. *On the mark precisely*, was the rule. Nor was it at all difficult for James. Promptness, as we have seen, was one of his born qualities. It was all the same to him whether he rose at four or five o'clock in the morning, or whether he must ring the bell three or a dozen times a day. He adapted himself to circumstances with perfect ease. (Instead of bending to circumstances, circumstances bent to him.) He made a good bell-ringer and sweeper, simply because it was a rule with him to do everything well. One of his room-mates said to him: "Jim, I think you sweep just as well as you recite."

"Why shouldn't I?" James responded promptly.

"Many people do important things best," replied his schoolmate; "and a lesson is more important than sweeping."

"You are wrong," exclaimed James. "If your views upon other matters are not sounder than that, you will not make a very safe leader. Sweeping, in its place, is just as important as a lesson in Greek is in its place; and, therefore,

according to your own rule, should be done equally well."

"You are right, Jim; I yield to your argument, like the honest boy that I am."

"I think that the boy who would not sweep well would not study well," continued James. "There may be *exceptions* to the rule; but the rule is a correct one."

"I think you are right, Jim; but my opinion is that few persons carry out the rule. There are certain things about which most people are superficial, however thorough they may be in others."

"That may be true; I shall not dispute with you there," rejoined James; "and that is one reason why so many persons fail. They have no settled purpose to be thorough. Not long ago I read, in the life of Franklin, that he claimed, (thoroughness must be a principle of action.)"

"And that is why you sweep as well as you study?" interrupted the room-mate, in a complimentary tone.

"Yes, of course. And there is no reason why a person should not be as thorough in one thing as in another. I don't think it is any harder to do work well than it is to half do it. I know that it is much harder to recite a lesson poorly than to recite it perfectly."

"I found that out some time ago, to my mortification," rejoined the room-mate, in a playful manner. "There is some fun in a perfect lesson, I confess, and much misery in a poor one."

"It is precisely so with sweeping," added James. "The sight of a half-swept floor would be an eyesore to me all the time. It would be all of a piece with a poor lesson."

"I could bear the half-swept floor better," remarked the room-mate.

"I can bear neither," retorted James, "since there is no need for it."

James had told the trustees to try him at bell-ringing and sweeping for two weeks. They did; and the trial was perfectly satisfactory. He was permanently installed in the position.

There were nearly two thousand volumes in the library belonging to the school. From this treasury of knowledge James drew largely. Every spare moment of his time was occupied with books. He began to read on a regular plan.

"What are you doing with that book?" inquired a room-mate; "transcribing it?"

"Not exactly, though I am making it mine as much as possible," James replied. "Taking notes."

"I should think that would be slow work."

"Not at all, the way I do."

"What way are you doing?"

"I note the important topics of which the book treats, with the pages, so that I may turn to any subject, should I have occasion hereafter. I mean to do the same with every book I read, and preserve the notes for future use."

"A good plan, if you have the patience. I

want to dash through a book quickly; I couldn't stop for your slow method," added the school-mate.

"I spend no more time over a book than you do, I think," answered James. "I catch the drift, and appropriate the strong points, and let all the rest go. But taking notes serves to impress the contents upon my memory. Afterwards, when I speak or write upon a given topic, my notes will direct me to necessary material."

"Your ammunition will be ready; all you will have to do will be to load and fire," suggested his room-mate. "That is not bad. I think the plan is a good one."

"It will save much time in the long run. Instead of being obliged to hunt for information on topics, I can turn to it at once." James spoke with an assurance that showed his purpose was well matured. It is an excellent method for the young of both sexes, whether they are contemplating a thorough education or not; for it will promote their intelligence, and increase their general information.

CHAPTER X.

CAREER AT COLLEGE

James ceased to be hall-porter at the close of his first year at Hiram, and was promoted to be an assistant teacher of the English department and of ancient languages. The versatility of his talents, enforced by his intense application, appeared to win in almost any undertaking. Without hard work, his versatility would not have availed much. He reduced to practise the old saying: "Accomplish, or never attempt," because his capacity for work was unlimited. Here was the secret of his success in teaching; he was just as good a teacher as he was a scholar. Before the completion of his academic course the trustees made his success a subject of serious consideration.

"We must secure his return to Hiram as soon as he gets through college," said the chairman. "He will make a popular and successful professor."

"That is true," replied another trustee. "In what department would you put him?"

"Any department that is open. He will fill any position admirably. I have noticed that when we conclude that he is particularly suited to one position, he soon surprises us by filling another equally well."

"It will certainly be for the popularity of the school to nominate him as a professor here," added the chairman; "and I daresay it will be

agreeable to his feelings."

The subject was not dropped at this point. Both the principal and chairman of the board interviewed James upon the subject; and when he left the Institute for college, it was well understood that he would return at the close of his college course.

James was admitted at Williams College which was in those days presided over by Dr. Hopkins a kind, warm-hearted man. James presented himself to Dr. Hopkins: his personal appearance did not suggest that he was the writer of the well-worded and polished letter that he had previously sent concerning his admission. One describes him as "a tall, awkward youth, with a great shock of light hair, rising nearly erect from a broad, high forehead, and with an open, kindly, and thoughtful face, which showed no traces of his long struggle with poverty and privation." His dress was thoroughly western, and very poor at that. It was evident to Dr. Hopkins that the young stranger before him did not spend much time at his toilet; that he cared more for education than he did for dress. Of course Dr. Hopkins did not recognise him.

"My name is Garfield, from Ohio," said James. That was enough. Dr. Hopkins recalled the fine letter which the young man had written. His heart was in his hand at once, and he repeated the cordial handshake that James felt when he read in the doctor's letter, "If you come here, we

shall be glad to do what we can for you." James felt at home at once. It was such a kind, fatherly greeting, that he felt almost as if he had arrived *home*. He never had a father whom he could remember, but now he had found an intellectual father, and he was never happier in his life. Yet a reverential awe possessed his soul as he stood before the president of the college, whose massive head and overhanging brow denoted a giant in intellect. James was perfectly satisfied that he had come to the right place now; he had no wish to be elsewhere.

"You can have access to the college library if you remain here during the summer vacation," said Dr. Hopkins to him. "If you enjoy reading, you will have a good opportunity to indulge your taste for it."

"I shall remain here during vacation, and shall be thankful for the privilege of using the library," answered James. "I have not hitherto had the time to read what I want to, as I have had to work and teach, to pay my bills. It will be a treat for me to spend a few weeks in reading, with nothing else to do."

Dr. Hopkins gave him excellent advice and words of encouragement, not only for vacation, but for term time as well; and within a few days James found himself revelling among books. On the whole, that vacation in the college library was a very profitable one to James. It was just what he needed after so many years of hard study

in the sciences and classics.

It was well for him, too, to be relieved through the generous help of his elder brother, from the strain of study and anxiety about his finances that had taxed him heavily from the outset. He had no carpenter's job on hand, and no class to teach for his support. For exercise, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery attracted him into the fields and over the mountains. The wild, mountainous country around presented a striking contrast to the level, monotonous landscape of Ohio.

He was cast among strangers, but the more his fellow-students understood him the more they liked him. That they should scrutinize his apparel and appearance is not strange. James expected that, and the thought caused him some embarrassment. He knew very well that his dress must appear shabby to young men who consulted tailors, and that his speech was marred by provincialisms that must sound queerly to them. So he very naturally dreaded the introduction to college life. Yet he proved as much of a philosopher here as elsewhere, and made the best of the situation. He was happily not disappointed in his intercourse with students. He found no pride or caste among them. They treated him kindly, and gave him a hearty welcome to their companionship. Within a few weeks he ranked among the "best fellows" of the college. The college boys soon found that the "Great West" had turned out a great scholar; that the student who had the least to do with

tailors was a rare fellow; and they treated him accordingly. James never had any reason to complain of his treatment by the professors and students of Williams College.

At college James's anti-slavery sentiments grew stronger, if that were possible. Charles Sumner was in Congress, dealing heavy blows against slavery, assailing the fugitive-slave bill with great power and effect, claiming that "freedom is national, and slavery sectional," denouncing the "crime against Kansas," and losing no opportunity to expose the guilt and horrors of Southern bondage. Outside of Congress he made speeches, urging that the Whig party should attack and overthrow American slavery. James admired the fearless, grand public career of Sumner, and also despised the criminal support the Democratic party gave to slavery, and the cringing, timid, compromising course of the leaders of the Whig party. Then, in the autumn of 1855, John Z. Goodrich, who was a member of Congress from Western Massachusetts, delivered a political address in Williams-town upon the history of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and the efforts of the handful of Republicans then in Congress to defeat the Missouri Compromise. James was profoundly impressed by the facts and logic of that speech, and he said to a class-mate, on leaving the hall: "This subject is new to me; I am going to know all about it."

He sent for documents, studied them thoroughly, and was fully prepared to join the new Re-

publican party, and to support the nomination of John C. Fremont as President of the United States. The students called a meeting in support of Fremont, and James was invited to address them. The scope and power of his speech, packed with facts and history, showed that he had mastered the subject with his accustomed ability, and even his class-mates, who knew him so well, were surprised.

“The country will hear from him yet, and slavery will get some hard knocks from him,” remarked a class-mate.

Just afterwards the country was thrown into the greatest excitement by the cowardly attack of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, upon Charles Sumner. Enraged by his attacks upon slavery, and urged forward, no doubt, by Southern ruffians, Brooks attacked him with a heavy cane while Sumner was writing at his desk in the United States Senate. Brooks intended to kill him on the spot, and his villainous purpose was nearly accomplished.

On receipt of the news at Williams College the students called an indignation meeting, at which James, boiling over with indignant remonstrance against such an outrage, delivered the most telling and powerful speech that had fallen from his lips up to that time. His fellow-students listened with wonder and admiration. They were so completely charmed by his fervour and eloquence that they sat in breathless attention until

he closed, when their loud applause rang through the building, repeated again and again in the wildest enthusiasm.

"The uncompromising foe to slavery!" exclaimed one of his admirers.

"Williams College will be even prouder of its student than it is to-day," remarked another. And many were the words of surprise and gratification expressed, and many of the prophecies concerning the future renown of young Garfield.

James graduated in 1856, bearing off the honours of his class. Dr. Hopkins had established the "metaphysical oration" as the highest honour at Commencement, and James won it, by the universal consent of the faculty and students. In the performance of his part at Commencement, he fully sustained his well-earned reputation for scholarship and eloquence. Both teachers and class-mates fully expected, when he left college, that his name would appear conspicuously in the future history of his country.

CHAPTER XI.

PROFESSOR, SOLDIER, SENATOR

The trustees of Hiram Institute elected Garfield "Teacher of Ancient Languages and Literature" before his return to the school. His welcome back was a hearty one, and his acceptance of the position was equally hearty.

His position was now a high and honourable one, although he was but nine years removed from the tow-path of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. Into these nine years were crowded labours, struggles, and triumphs, the like of which we can scarcely find in the annals of human effort.

"I have attained to the height of my ambition," he said to a friend. "I have my diploma from an Eastern college, and my position here as instructor; and now I shall devote all my energies to this Institute."

He was content to be a teacher at Hiram, ambitious to make the school the favourite of the Western Reserve, if possible. He might have secured positions where double the salary was paid; but he was satisfied to teach at Hiram for eight hundred dollars a year. No board of trustees could lure him away by the offer of a princely income. His heart was at Hiram, and he meant that his best efforts should be there.

One of his successful points, as instructor, was to discover young men of superior talents and persuade them to acquire a liberal education. Sometimes their fathers would put a veto upon such a project, when he was forced to try his logic and persuasive powers upon them. He called this "capturing boys," and he enjoyed it hugely.

He was wonderfully magnetic. He never failed to win students to himself.

The following facts and incidents will illustrate some of his methods and qualities as a teacher.

One day a pupil made a sad failure in the class, when Garfield pointed to a stained place in one corner of the recitation room, where the water had trickled through the plastering and run down upon the wall.

"Look there," he said, laughing at the same time, and making the members of the class smile. That was all he said; but the rebuke was keen and sharp, coming in that way from him. Such was his usual method. Occasionally, however, when he perceived a really rebellious spirit that meant mischief, he was severe and withering in his method of treatment.

On one occasion he assigned a certain task to a student, when the latter said:

"I doubt whether I can do it. I do not think I am equal to it."

"Not equal to it?"

"No, sir."

“Darsie!” answered Garfield, “when I get into a place that I can easily fill, I always feel like forcing my way out of it into one that requires more exertion.”

In this single sentence was one of the secrets of his success; and Darsie saw it at once. Garfield had risen rapidly by setting his standard high, and bringing himself up to it.

“How in the world can he time his steps so as to take the last one just as the bell stops?” remarked a student, referring to his coming in at prayer-time and taking his seat precisely as the bell ceased.

“It is very hard to say,” replied Darsie; “but he is always on the stairs in the last half of the last minute, and glides into his seat just as the last tap of the bell is struck.” The last stroke of the bell was indicated by a little more vigorous pull of the rope.

“And what seems marvellous to me is, that he never fails. I couldn’t time my steps like that,” added the student.

Garfield insisted upon *punctuality* everywhere—at prayers, recitation, lectures, all engagements. He demanded *promptness* as an essential duty. He made his pupils feel the importance of these qualities. But he would not require of them what he did not practise himself. He was the last man to preach what he did not practise. So he illustrated, every day, by personal example, the lessons that he taught respecting these virtues.

Returning from a neighbouring town one morning, where he had lectured on the previous evening, he entered his recitation room late. Another teacher, supposing he would not return in time to hear the recitation, had taken his class. As he entered, a pupil was answering a question. While in the act of removing his overcoat, and precisely as the pupil's answer ceased, Garfield put another question in the same line, as if the previous question had been put by himself. He smiled, the teacher laughed and bowed himself out of the room, and the class roared.

He was accustomed to lecture to his pupils upon "manners," "elements of success," and kindred topics. One day his topic was the "Turning Point of Life," on which he said:

✓ "The top of the roof at the court-house at Ravenna divides the drops of rain, sending those that fall on the south side to the Gulf of Mexico, and those on the opposite side into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so that a mere breath of air, or the flutter of a bird's wing, may determine their destiny. It is so with your lives, my young friends. A passing event, perhaps of trifling importance in your view, the choice of a book or companion, a stirring thought, a right resolve, the associations of an hour, may prove the turning-point of your lives."

It was impossible for a public speaker of Garfield's power to keep out of politics. In political campaigns the public demanded his efforts; men

would not take *no* for an answer. He was persuaded by leading citizens to enter political life in the interests of his country. Such was his force of character, his sincerity of speech, and industry, that before long he was elected to the legislatures of his State and country.

Following the success in the American Civil War of the party that favoured slavery, President Lincoln asked the country for seventy-five thousand men. The call was read in the Ohio Senate, crowded with patriotic spectators, whose deafening cheers seconded the President's demand. As soon as the applause had subsided, Garfield sprang to his feet, and in a short speech of almost surpassing eloquence and power, moved, "That Ohio contribute twenty thousand men, and three million dollars, as the share of the State."

The motion was carried amid the wildest demonstrations of devotion to the country.

Governor Dennison, of Ohio, sent Garfield to Missouri to obtain five thousand complete sets of arms, a portion of those which General Lyon had removed from the arsenal at St. Louis. He was successful in his mission, shipped the guns, and saw them safely delivered at Columbus.

After the fall of Sumter, Governor Dennison sent him to Cleveland, to organize the seventh and eighth regiments of Ohio infantry. Having organized them, the governor offered him the colonelcy of one of them; but he declined the offer because he lacked "military experience." He pro-

mised to take a subordinate position, however, provided a West Point graduate was placed in command. The result was, that the governor appointed him lieutenant-colonel, and sent him to the Western Reserve to recruit a regiment, promising him a West Pointer to command it if one could be found. Garfield suggested his old friend and schoolmate, Captain Hazen, then in the regular army; but when the governor sent to the war department for his transfer, General Scott refused to release him. So the forty-second Ohio regiment, recruited by Garfield, and embracing a large number of Hiram students, went into camp at Columbus without a colonel. It was in these circumstances and after repeated requests from officers and members of the regiment, that Garfield consented to take the command.

We have not space for details. Garfield proved himself as victorious in war as he had been successful in peace. In less than one month after he went into action with his regiment, under the orders of General Buell, he fought the battle of Middle Creek, January 10, 1862, driving the rebel general Marshall, whose forces largely outnumbered his, out of his entrenchments, and compelling him to retreat into Virginia. Other victories followed, in what was called the "Sandy Valley campaign," eliciting from the commanding general a congratulatory order, in which he spoke of the expedition as "calling into action the highest qualities of a soldier—fortitude, perseverance, and courage."

For his bravery and military skill in this campaign the authorities at Washington made Garfield a brigadier-general, dating his commission back to January 10, 1862, the day of the battle of Middle Creek. As Garfield was the youngest member of the Ohio Senate, so now he became the youngest brigadier-general in the army.

Subsequently he was made major-general "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga (1863)." The antecedents of that famous battle, under General Rosecrans, show that the victory was due more to the sagacity, plans, and courage of General Garfield than to any other officer. Within about one year and a half, he rose from a lieutenant-colonelcy to be a major-general.

In the summer of 1862 leading republicans of the nineteenth Ohio congress district nominated Garfield to represent them in Congress. They regarded him as the man above all others in the district qualified to succeed Joshua R. Giddings, of whom they were justly proud. Giddings was superseded four years before by John Hutchings with whom the republicans were not satisfied. The movement for Garfield was undertaken without his knowledge. He was at the head of his command in Kentucky. The knowledge of his great abilities, and his military fame, led to his nomination. At first he thought he must decline the honour, and fight out the battles of his country. He was very popular in the army, both with officers and soldiers—his pay, too, was double that

of a congressman, and he was poor, and needed the greater salary—and there was no doubt that the highest honours awaited him should he continue on the field until the end of the war. The reader can readily see that to accept the nomination in these circumstances was an act of great self-denial. But President Lincoln signified his desire for Garfield to enter Congress, as a member of military experience and skill was much needed there. The wishes of Lincoln settled the doubts of Garfield, and he accepted the nomination, was triumphantly elected, and took his seat in the national House of Representatives in December, 1863, after two years and three months of service in the army.

During this time the trustees of Hiram Institute had not abandoned the idea of his return to the institution. While a member of the Ohio Senate he continued his connection with the school, when the senate was not in session. For seventeen years he served his district as national representative. We have not space for any of the brilliant record of those seventeen years. We can only say that he became the acknowledged leader of the national House of Representatives; the pride of his native state, Ohio, and an honour to the Republic.

And thus Jim, the poor boy of our tale, became a national hero. He had now obtained almost the greatest honour possible to a citizen of the United States of America. The very highest

position—that of the President of the U.S.A.—was conferred on him under circumstances that do him the greatest credit.

Only a few months after his election to the Senate a situation arose that threatened the break-up of the government, because the various parties could not agree as to the candidate who should be elected the President. As soon as Garfield's name was mentioned there was unprecedented enthusiasm. The parties gave up their prejudices, and he was elected President of the United States on the second day of November, eighteen hundred and eighty.

The time between the election and inauguration of General Garfield was marked by good feeling and general hopefulness. Mr. Garfield's popularity won the esteem even of those leading men who had opposed his election, and some of them publicly declared their entire confidence in the man, and their profound respect for his great talents.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM WHITEHOUSE TO THE GRAVE

On the 4th of March 1881, James Garfield was installed President with more than the usual display of military and civil honours. He received the support even of his opponents, because of his great impartiality and fairmindedness. But there was one trouble he encountered early in his administration, and it was all the more annoying because it arose within his own party. President Garfield did not believe in a custom of the United States Senate called "Senatorial courtesy"—the custom of allowing senators to say who should be appointed to fill certain offices in their respective States; and, in the exercise of that manly independence for which he was ever distinguished, he resolved to ignore the custom. Therefore, instead of consulting Senator Conkling, of New York, respecting the nomination of a man to fill a certain important office in that State, he made the appointment himself, according to the requirements of the Constitution. This act was taken as a great offence by Mr. Conkling and those of his party. At once there was war against the administration.

After the lapse of several weeks, in which Senator Conkling had an opportunity to bring together his forces and train them to organized

opposition, the nomination by the President was confirmed. In the meantime Mr. Conkling had sent his resignation to the Governor of New York, and his associate, Mr. Platt, did the same, evidently thinking that the legislature, then in session, would immediately return them.

A contest in the Legislature of New York was begun at once,—perhaps the most bitter contest ever waged between party factions in a State legislature. When the members were elected, a large majority of the Republicans were the friends of Mr. Conkling; and this fact, doubtless, caused him to feel confident that his action in opposing the administration would be approved by the State legislature's returning him to the Senate. In this, however, he was woefully disappointed. The opposition to his re-election was decided and strong from the very beginning, because the popular feeling sided with President Garfield.

While the contest was going on in the New York Legislature over Senator Conkling's re-election, an attempt which startled and shocked the nation was made upon the President's life. He had arranged a journey to New England, partly on business, and partly to recruit his somewhat exhausted energies by a short holiday. On Saturday morning, July 2, 1881, he left the Executive Mansion at a few minutes past nine o'clock, in his carriage with Secretary Blaine, for the Baltimore

and Potomac Railway Station. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock he entered the station, arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, when two pistol shots were fired in quick succession, the first one sending a ball through the right coat-sleeve of the President but doing no damage, the second one driving a ball deep into his body above the third rib. The unexpected shot well-nigh paralyzed the bystanders. Mr. Blaine turned to seize the assassin, but found him already in the hands of an officer. As he turned back, the President sank heavily upon the floor, and the fearful tidings spread through the city: "*The President has been assassinated!*" The telegraphic wires took up the terrible news and conveyed it over the country, startling every town, village, and hamlet as they never had been startled except by the assassination of President Lincoln. By twelve o'clock the entire country was informed of the great calamity, except in sections beyond the reach of telegraphs and telephones. The dreadful news flashed over the Atlantic cable, plunging in grief Europeans almost as deeply as it did Americans. The South seemed to vie with the North in profound grief over the fearful crime and heartfelt sympathy for the illustrious sufferer.

Physicians and surgeons were speedily summoned; and, within an hour, he was removed to the White House in an extremely prostrated and critical condition.

The President was still conscious while lying upon the floor at the station, and fearing that the

news of his injury might overcome his wife in her feeble state of health, he dictated to Colonel Rockwell, who was at his side, the following despatch to her at Long Branch:

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, New Jersey:

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you—A. F. ROCKWELL."

Soon after the President was laid upon his bed in the presidential mansion, his nervous prostration passed away, and he became composed and cheerful, greeting members of his cabinet, and other intimate friends present, with a cordial pressure of the hand and words of cheer. He was so much like himself, genial, calm, and hopeful, that both friends and physicians thought it was the harbinger of recovery.

Sunday, July 3, was a day of anxiety and tears to the American people. The churches were filled with mourning thousands, and the subject of sermons and prayers was the great sorrow that had fallen upon the nation. July 4 was such an Independence Day as the country had never seen. No one had a heart to engage in the festivities of the day. Many well-arranged celebrations were abandoned.

The great sympathy and sorrow of the people of this and other countries was shown by telegrams from every quarter, letters of condolence,

and resolutions of public bodies, conveying to the President expressions of grief and prayer for his recovery. The Queen of England, the King of Spain, the King of Belgium, the Emperors of Russia, Japan, and China, the German Emperor, and other foreign rulers, sent despatches full of sorrow and expressions of good-will.

But another and still more serious relapse awaited the President on the twenty-sixth day of August, destroying the hopes of the physicians and attendant friends. The bullet-wound was doing well, discharging healthy pus freely; but an ugly abscess, occasioned by pus poisoning, appeared upon the neck, and the stomach ceased to assimilate or retain food. At four o'clock p.m., on the twenty-sixth day of August, he appeared to be rapidly sinking. He was unconscious, and breathed heavily, like one suffering in the last stages of apoplexy. A consultation of the doctors resulted in the decision that the last ray of hope had vanished, and a few hours more would put the seal of death upon all that was mortal of the illustrious President.

On Saturday the churches of Washington consulted together, through representatives, and it was decided to observe the following day as one of fasting and prayer on behalf of the President, who still lived. Telegrams were flashed over the country, inviting Christians of every kind to spend Sunday, August 28, in supplication for the recovery of the President.

While the Christian men and women of the country were yet upon their knees, the President rallied from the extreme prostration of Friday and Saturday; his stomach resumed its functions, his pulse fell, and he said in a stronger voice than he had used for a week, "I am better; I shall live." His strength was apparently renewed, and the change was so decided that the hopes of the nation were once more revived.

The physicians became satisfied that the malarial air of Washington was very unfavourable to the recovery of the President. From the time he was stricken down, the public were extremely anxious about this danger. It was not until Tuesday, the fifth day of September, however, that he was removed to Long Branch, New Jersey. Preparations were made to remove him upon his bed, with the least possible excitement and motion; and at six o'clock on the morning of that day, he was taken from the White House to the special train in waiting, accompanied by his devoted wife and loving daughter, together with his medical attendants and other friends. He was comfortably lodged in Francklyn Cottage.

The change appeared to benefit the patient at once, and he enjoyed the sea air with a keen relish. On the fourth day after his arrival, Dr. Hamilton said to Mrs. Garfield, "I am afraid to tell you how confident I feel of your husband's recovery." The public shared this hope, and there was renewed talk of a national thanksgiving.

38 The buoyant hopes raised by the removal of the patient were dashed, however, in a few days, by the undoubted evidence of blood-poisoning, and the presence of an abscess in the right lung. Many thought the last hope was gone. Others still clung to the hope which the patient's great physical vitality and uniform courage inspired. But he grew worse; and, on the seventeenth day of September, appeared to be beyond mortal aid. The medical attendants well-nigh despaired of him, although there was no evidence of speedy dissolution. Two days later, September nineteenth, there appeared a slight improvement.

The lights were lowered for the night; Mrs. Garfield and the physicians retired; and the patient was left alone with his watchers.

Within ten minutes after the physicians and Mrs. Garfield had retired, the President awoke with a groan. Placing his hand upon his heart, he said to General Swaim, "Oh, Swaim! what a terrible pain I have here!" Dr. Bliss was summoned from an adjoining room hastily, and the moment he fastened his eye upon the sufferer he exclaimed, "My God, Swaim, he is dying; call Mrs. Garfield." From that moment he appeared to be unconscious, although he fixed his eyes upon his wife as she hurriedly entered the room, and seemed to follow her as she moved around to the other side of the bed to take his hand in hers. His eyes were wide open, but dazed; his pulse only fluttered; he gasped, and was no more. At thirty-five minutes

past ten o'clock, Dr. Bliss pronounced life extinct! A sudden and terrible change from the hope inspired at ten o'clock! The President of the United States—her favourite son, scholar, and statesman—was dead!

DATES

- 1776. 4th July: Declaration of American Independence.
- 1783. England acknowledged American Independence.
- 1789. George Washington elected first President of the United States.
- 1821. The Missouri Compromise, defining the slave areas.
- 1831. Birth of James A. Garfield.
- 1833. Slavery abolished by Britain in all her Colonies.
- 1849. Garfield entered Geauga Seminary at Chester.
- 1851. Garfield at the Eclectic Institute, Hiram, Ohio.
- 1854. Kansas-Nebraska Bill reopens the slavery question.
- 1856. Garfield graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts.
- 1857. Garfield returned to Hiram Institute as Professor.
- 1859. Garfield elected to Senate of Ohio.
- 1860. Abraham Lincoln elected President of the U.S.A.
- 1861. American Civil War began.
- 1862. Battle of Middle Creek.
- 1863. Battle of Chickamauga.
- 1863. Emancipation of slaves proclaimed.
- 1863-80. Garfield a member of Congress.
- 1864. Fugitive Slave Act repealed.
- 1865. President Lincoln assassinated.
- 1865. Slavery finally prohibited in the U.S.A.
- 1880. Garfield made a Senator of the U.S.A.
- 1880. Garfield elected President of the U.S.A.
- 1881. Murderous attack on President Garfield, 2nd July.
- 1881. President Garfield died of his wounds, 19th September.

EXERCISES

CHAPTER I.

1. Write a description of Abram Garfield's log-cabin. Make a drawing of it, if you can.

2. Explain the following terms and use them in sentences; pioneer; pyramid; natural gifts; fiery element; saplings; irreparable; demon; superhuman.

3. Write three paragraphs on "Fire in the Forest:" (1) its cause, (2) its course, (3) its consequences.

4. Give an account of the appearance and character of Jim's father.

5. Explain the following compound words:

God-fearing; well-nigh; cob-house; baby-spirit; strong-minded.

Write down any other six compound words you know.

6. What were Abram's last words? Rewrite them in the third person, beginning with, Abram said that he

CHAPTER II.

1. Explain the following words and use them in sentences: emphasis; encumbrance; mutual; precocious; luxuries; incorrigible; function; theme; recital.

2. Let two pupils, with book in hand, read aloud the actual words of the conversation between Mrs. Garfield and Mr. Boynton. Proceed similarly with the other conversations in this chapter (and throughout the book).

3. Explain the following abbreviations, and write words in full: Mrs.; don't; didn't; shan't; won't; I'd; I've; etc.; Messrs.; there's; can't.

4. What different meaning can you give to each of the following words?—present; project; minute; bolt; observe; lie; board; mine; conclude; term; revolution; dash.

5. Give an account of Jim's mother.

6. "It fired his ambition, and brought out his brilliant parts, so that he became the star of the school." Put this passage into your own words.

7. Make six negative adverbs on the model of 'unknowingly,' 'unhappily.'

CHAPTER III.

1. Describe Jim's adventure with the egg.

2. Write out a full account of the work on a small farm.

3. "Where there's a will there's a way." "Practice makes perfect." How did Mrs. Garfield apply these proverbs?

4. What trick did Jim play upon his teacher? Give the story in your own words (spoken and written).

5. Explain the following expressions: a nauseating dose; the stubborn fact; sink or swim; dilly-dally; laughing outright; old as the hills; attain his majority; he was not egotistical.

6. "God helps those who help themselves." How does Jim's career illustrate this saying?

7. Form nouns from the following verbs: rely; practise; dispose; erect; conquer; compel; resume; inquire; attain; expend.

CHAPTER IV.

1. What adjectives correspond to the following nouns?—Britain (*British*); America; President; England; Asia; Revolution; Province; Empire; Prince; Viceroy; Magistrate.

2. Who was George Stephenson? Give some account of his life and work.

3. Explain the following expressions: all the etceteras; we shall miss him sadly; God averages human experience well; responsibility is not hardship; in anticipation of his arrival; vague thought.

4. In what special senses are the following words used in this chapter?—abroad; majority; sadly; positive; come about; understanding; contemplated; tolerably; limited.

5. Reproduce orally the actual conversations in this chapter.

6. Write a letter from Jim to his brother Thomas, telling how he is getting on with the farm-work.

7. Give the opposites to the following words: heavy, hard, clear, strong, small, obedient, hungry, deep, miserable, honest, indefinite, easy.

CHAPTER V.

1. Name the occupations followed by the persons enumerated here: carpenter, teacher, farmer, tailor, miller, weaver, sailor, lawyer, student, doctor, dentist, artist.

2. Explain: elbow-grease; hit the nail on the head; mortising; knack; pretty hungry; learned by heart.

3. Tell the story of Mr. Curran, the Irish orator.

4. Give an account of the work done by Jim for Mr. Treat, the carpenter.

5. Show clearly the meaning of 'drive' in each of the following: drive a nail; drive a bargain; drive a horse; drive a carriage; drive a roaring trade; drive mad; drive a tunnel; drive out; let drive; drive home.

6. Give the diminutives of the following: Jim (*Jimmy*); Thomas; son; cat; leaf; cigar; stream; river; lamb; dear; hill; root; lance; part; babe; book.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Mark on a map of the United States all the localities named in these six chapters.

2. What prevented Jim from becoming a sailor? Tell the whole story.

3. Contrast the irrigation canal (as in India) with the navigation canal (as in this story).

4. Give an account of Jim's accident with his mules, showing clearly how it happened.

5. Reproduce Jim's conversation with Captain Letcher.

6. Explain the following terms: a cord of wood; wharf; schooner; land-lubber; bow-man; tow-path; snubbing-post; canal lock; steersman; the bridge of a ship; the ship's hold; bung-hole.

7. In this chapter alone we read of Jim's neglect of a duty; what was the nature of it?

CHAPTER VII.

1. What is meant by a turning-point? Show how it applies to this chapter.

2. Who was Mr. Bates, and what was his influence upon Jim?
3. Describe school-life at Chester.
4. Write out in the indirect form of narration Jim's conversation with Mr. Woodworth.
5. Describe the various ways in which American boys earn money to pay for their education.
6. Make a brief summary of each of the chapters you have read.
7. What are the adjectives corresponding to the following nouns?—profit; influence; reason; grammar; arithmetic; pluck; rebellion; nourishment; enthusiasm; timber; detail; philosophy.
8. Compose a dialogue debating the value of Jim's milk-diet.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. Give an outline of Jim's speech on the question, "Ought Slavery to be abolished?"
2. Write out the plural forms of the following: negro; hero; cargo; potato; gas; bamboo; essay; proof; maid-servant; man-servant.
3. Summarise Jim's three years' course at Geauga High School.
4. Explain the following: necessity is the mother of invention; yoke of bondage; a burning shame; a born preacher; makes my blood boil; New England; manual labour; inborn and inbred hostility.
5. Make sentences introducing the following educational terms used in this book: school; institute; college; graduate; professor; text-book; lecturer; disciplinarian; recitation; scholarship; academy; tuition; faculty.

6. Punctuate the following passage, inserting the necessary capital letters. "what do you know about work" inquired the farmer. "we have worked at farming," answered james modestly. "can you mow?" "yes sir," can you mow well you can tell by trying us what wages do you want just what you think is right well that is fair you are plucky boys i think you may go to work.

CHAPTER IX.

1. On what strange conditions did Jim enter the Eclectic Institute?

Reproduce the conversation when Jim first appeared at the Institute.

3. Explain Jim's method of studying and mastering a book. How did it save time?

4. "Board of trustees" is a collective term, used with a verb in the singular number. Construct sentences containing the following: committee; army; crowd; caste; class; tribe; congress; council; senate; flock.

5. Describe Jim's duties as bell-ringer.

6. Distinguish between—counsel and council; emigrant, immigrant; principal, principle; practise, practice; masterly, masterful; human, humane; sensible, sensitive; propose, purpose; active, actual; metal, mettle.

CHAPTER X.

1. Who was President of Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts? How was he "the intellectual father" of Jim Garfield.

2. Show how Garfield was led to take an interest in political affairs.

3. Explain the following terms: Democratic

party; Republican party; Whig party; "the crime against Kansas;" fugitive slave; Congress; Commencement (at college).

4. Garfield graduated in 1856; with what special honour did he leave Williams College?

5. *Anti* means 'against:' explain the terms:—anti-slavery, antipodes, antipathy, antidote, antisocial, anti-christian.

6. Write a short essay on "The Uses of a Library."

7. Note in this chapter the words—compromise, compromising (*adj.*), uncompromising; illustrate their meanings.

8. Why did Garfield dislike the Missouri Compromise? Explain fully.

CHAPTER XI.

1. Explain why and how Garfield returned to the Eclectic Institute at Hiram.

2. How did Garfield illustrate his lecture on "The Turning-Point of Life?" Give the substance of his words.

3. Tell all you know about President Lincoln.

4. Give an account of Garfield's experiences as a soldier.

5. Explain the following terms: American Civil War; West Pointer; House of Representatives; the Senate; Congressman; arsenal.

6. Distinguish the meanings of the word 'civil' in the following: civil war; Civil Servant; Civil Law; civil rights; civil words; civil engineer.

7. Find verbs ending in *-ate* to express each of the following (*e.g.*, to divide, *separate*); to set free; to search;

to light up; to put an end to; to assemble; to train; to point out; to raise higher; to disturb; to make necessary; to govern; to tell.

8. Write an essay on "America: the Land of Opportunity."

CHAPTER XII.

1. Explain President Garfield's contest with Senator Conkling.

2. What is meant by the following?—Independence Day; the White House; Senatorial courtesy; the Atlantic cable; apoplexy; pus poisoning; abscess.

3. Narrate the circumstances of President Garfield's assassination.

4. Write out a list of the important events in the President's life, giving places and dates.

5. Write a short essay on "The Secret of Success."

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NOTES

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

- 1 "pioneered:" A pioneer is one who goes before to prepare the way for others; the term was applied to the early American settlers.
- 2 cob-house: *cob* is a mixture of clay and straw used for building walls.
- 2 loft: upper room, just under the roof.
- 2 his day and generation: a phrase for "the people of his own time."
- 3 Mehetabel: Garfield's sister, who daily carried the child Jim to and from his first school.
- 4 fiery element: earth, air, fire, and water are often called "the four elements."
- 4 congestion: fulness or swelling.
- 4 posted: sent in a hurry.
- 5 saplings: young trees; here means 'children.'
- 5 irreparable: for which there can be no remedy.
- 5 touching wail: a pitiful cry of sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

- 6 solace: comfort.
- 6 squarely: directly, boldly.
- 6 rod: a land measure ($5\frac{1}{2}$ yards).
- 7 emphasis: force.
- 7 Revolutionary matron: a woman whose family had taken part in the American Revolution.
- 8 encumbrance: burden.
- 10 revelled: took keen delight.
- 10 prophesying: foretelling the future.
- 11 precocious: more advanced than might be expected from his years.

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- 11 **New Hampshire:** one of the original States of North America.
- 11 **puncheon:** made of short posts driven into the ground.
- 12 **rough:** uncouth, awkward.
- 12 **Yankee:** a name first given to the citizens of the six Eastern States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.
- 14 **mutual:** given and returned, interchanged.
- 14 **backwoods:** the forest or uncultivated part of the country.
- 14 **tuition:** teaching.
- 14 **taken aback:** taken by surprise.
- 14 **savoured:** tasted, seemed like.
- 15 **bolt-upright:** quite straight.
- 15 **ordeal:** severe trial.
- 15 **laconic:** brief, in few words.
- 16 **incorrigible:** not to be reformed.
- 18 **policy:** plan.
- 18 **function:** duty, action which fulfils its purpose.
- 18 **theme:** subject.

CHAPTER III.

- 24 **egotistical:** thinking too highly of oneself; *ego*=I or self.
- 24 **occasion:** chance, luck.
- 26 **generalissimo:** the chief general or commander of an army or several armies.
- 27 **dilly-dally:** trifle, loiter; compare "shilly-shally."
- 27 **disconcerted:** disturbed in mind.
- 28 **majority:** full age (21 years).

CHAPTER IV.

- 29 **in earnest:** seriously, really.
- 29 **Michigan:** one of the Northern States, in the midst of the Great Lakes.
- 29 **Cleveland:** the largest city of Ohio, on the south shore of Lake Erie.

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- 29 **Orange:** the small township where Mrs. Garfield lived.
- 29 **definite understanding:** clear agreement.
- 30 **run:** manage (a farm, a business, an engine, etc.).
- 30 **contemplated:** intended.
- 31 **etceteras:** extras, odds and ends. *Etc.* stands for *et cetera* (=and other things).
- 31 **limited:** scanty, small.
- 34 **George Stephenson:** the famous inventor of the railway engine (1781—1848).
- 36 **Providence:** God's care.
- 36 **"Man deviseth,"** etc.: from 'Proverbs,' one of the books of the Bible.

CHAPTER V.

- 38 **elbow-grease:** hard work with one's arms.
- 38 **"hit the nail,"** etc.: to do a thing exactly; to touch the exact point.
- 38 **figurative expression:** the use of words in an unusual sense or application (a figure of speech).
- 38 **chagrin:** annoyance, keen disappointment.
- 38 **mortising:** joining two pieces of wood by fitting the one into an opening in the other.
- 38 **mortification:** vexation.
- 38 **knack:** skill, dexterity.
- 39 **Curran:** John P. Curran, Irish orator (1750—1817).
- 39 **Orator Mum:** a public speaker who stands *mum* or silent.
- 48 **New England:** the six Eastern States (see note on *Yankee*, Chapter III).
- 49 **turn his hand to:** apply himself to.
- 50 **odd jobs:** various small tasks.
- 55 **Lake Erie:** the most southern of the five great lakes which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence; it is connected by canals with the Ohio and other rivers.
- 56 **infernal regions:** hell, the abode of devils.
- 57 **land-lubber:** a term of contempt applied by sailors to dwellers on land.

CHAPTER VI.

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- 57 **greenhorn:** a raw, ignorant youth.
- 60 **Pittsburg:** a large city, famous for its steel and coal industries; it is in the State of Pennsylvania, which adjoins Ohio.
- 61 **bowman:** the man stationed in the bow or fore-end of a boat; the bow-line is the rope for securing the boat to the bank of the canal; 'Bow' in this sense has the sound heard in *how, now*.
- 61 **snubbing post:** a thick strong post used for fastening or tying up boats.
- 65 **on the wing:** travelling from place to place. This is a 'figure of speech.'

CHAPTER VII.

- 72 **drily:** or *dryly*, in a cold, unmoved way.
- 74 **routine:** regular order of work.
- 78 **apiece:** each.
- 80 **precious little:** very little (used only in familiar talk).

CHAPTER VIII.

- 82 **in a tight place:** in great difficulty. This is a figure of speech (a metaphor).
- 83 **anti-slavery:** the agitation for the abolition of negro slavery began in America before the War of Independence, and continued until the American Civil War (1861—65), ended in the triumph of the North (the abolitionists) over the South (slave-owners).
- 84 **British yoke:** control by Britain, ended in 1783.
- 85 **Eclectic Institute:** an advanced school or intermediate college for special studies. *Eclectic* means "choosing the best out of everything."

CHAPTER IX.

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- 87 **trustees:** responsible managers.
- 87 **in session:** holding a meeting.
- 87 **hall-porter:** door-keeper of a school, college or the like.
- 89 **sweeper-general:** one charged with the whole of the work of sweeping the rooms; compare postmaster-general, adjutant-general, attorney-general.
- 92 **Franklin:** Benjamin Franklin (1706—1790), an American printer, author, scientific discoverer, and statesman: he helped greatly to secure the independence of the United States.
- 94 **ammunition:** arguments for use in an essay or debate; literally, ammunition means military stores, such as gun-powder, shells, etc.

CHAPTER X.

- 96 **shock:** a mass of bushy hair; the adjective is "shock-headed."
- 98 **provincialisms:** words or phrases peculiar to a province or country district.
- 99 **Charles Sumner:** an American statesman (1811—1874), whose interest in politics was aroused by proposed extensions of negro-slavery over newly-acquired territory. In the Senate he at first stood alone as the determined opponent of slavery. In 1856 he was attacked by a slave-owner, Preston Brooks. When Kansas was acquired as a new territory in 1854 there was a struggle to decide whether it should be a slave-holding or a free state. Largely through Sumner's eloquence Kansas was in 1861 admitted as a free state of the Union.
- 99 **fugitive-slave bill:** a measure to treat runaway slaves as property that could be legally recovered. The Fugitive Slave Act was repealed in 1864.
- 99 **Congress:** The Constitution of the United States provides

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for a Congress to make laws, a President to enforce them, and Judges to interpret them. Congress consists of two bodies,—the Senate and the House of Representatives. The latter represents the people; the former represents the various States, and has much control over the House of Representatives. The President has wide powers: he executes the laws, makes treaties with foreign powers, and appoints ambassadors and justices. But in several ways these powers are subject to the approval of the two divisions of Congress.

- 99 **crime against Kansas:** see note on Charles Sumner, given above.
- 99 **Whig party:** a party in American politics that upheld a strong central government; they were afterwards known as Federalists.
- 99 **Democratic party:** a party opposed to the Federalists, and supporting the liberties of the individual States against federal powers.
- 99 **compromising:** settling by agreement, each side yielding so far to the other.
- 99 **Kansas-Nebraska struggle:** this refers to a Bill, put forward in 1854, which reopened the slave question.
- 99 **Republicans:** in United States politics this name was originally applied to those who opposed the Federalists, so that the first Republicans were really Democrats, and supported the rights of the separate States. But in 1856 the name was given to a new party formed to fight against the extension of slavery; it was this party that organized victory in the Civil War and remained in power till 1885. At the present day Republicans are in favour of high protective duties and a strong national government.
- 99 **Missouri Compromise:** a name popularly given to an Act of Congress passed in 1820 at the beginning of the anti-slavery agitation. It admitted Missouri as a slave-holding State, but prohibited slavery in advance

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in any State admitted thereafter and lying north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ ($36\frac{1}{2}$ degrees North), the boundary of Missouri. This unsatisfactory arrangement led to much discussion, but in 1821 it was finally adopted.

100 **John C. Fremont:** explorer and statesman (1813—1890), was the Republican and anti-slavery candidate for the Presidency in 1856. He was nominated again in 1864, but withdrew in favour of Abraham Lincoln.

101 **metaphysical:** philosophical.

101 **Commencement:** the ceremony when the degrees of Master or Doctor are conferred on graduates of certain universities.

101 **faculty:** a collective term for the professors of a department of a College or University.

CHAPTER XI.

102 **Western Reserve:** undeveloped territory to the west of the older States.

103 **veto:** prohibition.

105 **Ravenna:** a town in the State of Ohio, south of Cleveland.

106 **legislatures:** law-making bodies; here applied to the Senate of a State and to the national assembly or Congress.

106 **President Lincoln:** Abraham Lincoln (1809—1865), the 16th President of the U.S. (1860—65). Like Garfield, he passed from a log-cabin to White House, and like Garfield he was assassinated. He was pledged to preserve the Union and to prevent the spread of slavery. His fame is established as the saviour of his country and the liberator of the negro race.

106 **St. Louis:** a great city of Missouri, in the Mississippi valley.

106 **Columbus:** the capital of Ohio State.

106 **Sumter:** Fort Sumter, on an island in Charleston harbour.

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on the coast of South Carolina. In the Civil War it was taken in 1863 by the Confederates (those who had broken away from the Union), but they had to evacuate it in 1865.

- 107 **West Point:** the United States Military Academy about 50 miles from New York. A student of this school is a "West Pointer."
- 107 **Middle Creek:** In America and Australia a creek is a tributary river.
- 107 **Virginia:** one of the states of U.S.A., on the Atlantic coast. Virginia was the first permanent English settlement in North America, and has a heroic and romantic history.
- 108 **brigadier-general:** commander of a brigade of troops; the lowest grade of general-officer in the army.
- 108 **commission:** a warrant or order conferring authority.
- 108 **major-general:** army officer ranking below a lieutenant-general.
- 108 **Chickamauga:** a tributary of the Tennessee river.
- 108 **Joshua R. Giddings:** an anti-slavery leader (1795—1864).
- 108 **Kentucky:** in the Mississippi valley; admitted to the Union as a state in 1792.
- 110 **inauguration:** ceremonial admission to office.

CHAPTER XII.

- 111 **Conkling:** Roscoe Conkling (1829—88), a Republican senator, candidate for the U. S. Presidency in 1876.
- 112 **Executive Mansion:** the White House, the official residence of the President; it is a plain building of free-stone, painted white. It is in Washington, the capital of the United States.
- 112 **Secretary Blaine:** J. G. Blaine (1830—1893), journalist and statesman; he was several times defeated in the Republican nominations for the Presidency.

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- 113 **the assassin:** a disappointed office-seeker named Charles Guiteau.
- 114 **Independence Day:** the 4th of July, observed annually in the U.S. as a legal holiday, being the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (1776), when the thirteen colonies of America announced their separation from Britain.
- 115 **pus:** a thick yellowish fluid discharged from wounds and sores.
- 115 **abscess:** a gathering of pus in some part of the body.
- 116 **Long Branch:** a fashionable seaside resort of New Jersey, 30 miles from New York.

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